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For The New-Yorker.

CARTAGO.

[Extract from a Manuscript Poem.]

Lo! where contracts the narrow Darien,
See hot Cartago's fiery summit rise!
Ascend! thou wilt not deem thy labor vain!
The flying clouds sweep from the azure skies,
O what a fairy prospect meets thine eyes!
Hills, vales and woodlands at thy feet expand,
And Earth is robed in all her beauteous dyes!
But see, more glorious far, on either hand,
Two mighty Oceans dash their wild waves on the land!
Like two hot foes, each to his bed enchained,
Yet where on each, with fiendish eyes, they glare,
To maniac threats and idle blows constrained,
These rival Oceans rush to mighty War,
And wreak their fury on their rocky bar—
Shouting defiance in a sullen roar,
And hurling high their angry foam in air;
Slow they retire, then wildly as before,
Leap with a fearful bound upon a moveless shore!
World of wide waters! beautiful, yet dead!
Couch of the new-formed Earth! which, on thy breast,
When darkness o'er thee from God's spirit fled,
Lay like an infant in its happy rest,
All smiles and sweetness! At His high behest,
Sprang thy still form from Chaos into life—
Myriads of waves upreared each whiten'd crest,
And with the elements of discord rife,
They on each other rushed, and closed in instant strife!
Mightiest of mighty 'mong the things of Time;
Thrones shake, crowns fall, and kingdoms pass away;
But thou, eternal, changeless and sublime,
Flowest in pride, and laughest at Decay!
Who shall arouse thy madness? Who allay
Thy fierce convulsion? Him, whose watchful eye
Is over all, thou only dost obey;
But to all else thou rollest careless by,
Spurning command, like on-rush of Eternity!
Oft have I gazed, Old Ocean, with delight,
Upon thy sleeping waters! and have seen
Far on thy bosom, growing in my sight,
But a dim speck upon the sky serene
The bellying sail! and my wild soul hath been
Borne o'er the surface in the winds that rave—
Commingling with the storm—lifting the screen
Of terror from thy glory, till it gave
A loud exulting shout unto the bounding wave!
And in my light bark have I plough'd thy breast,
Rode on the mountain billow, and have caught
A portion of its grandeur, or down-press'd,
Have trembled in the liquid vale, o'erwrought
With thy vast fury! O! the giant thought,
Which struggles in the soul, as thou dost throw
Man and his glories from thee as if naught!
And I have seen thy beauty, when a glow
Of heaven did fondly sleep in wildness on thy brow!

Norwich, N. Y. August, 1841. H. H.

For The New-Yorker.

Letters from the Heart of Europe.

MUNICH, Monday, July 19, 1841.

SINCE my last from Vienna, of June 10, now more than a month since, I have 'accomplished' so many sights that I scarce know how or where to begin to enumerate them. So much for allowing these things to accumulate. I left Vienna on Friday, June 10, in a new and handsome boat called the 'Stephan.' The Danube for twenty or thirty miles above Vienna, like that part below, spreads out over flat land, is divided by many islands, and its banks, though generally well wooded, are destitute of any thing like beauty. After this, mountains rise on either side and gradually become higher, and, reaching nearly to Linz, the scenery is bold and picturesque, gloomy forests clothing the sides from the mountain-tops to the water's edge, the river at one moment dark and deep, and at another white with its foaming rapids. Occasionally perched on the summit of some high and precipitous rock, and sometimes nearly overhanging the river, are seen the battlemented walls and 'Donjon-Keep,' the picturesque ruins of some old Castle; while, nestling at their base, lies some small village with its monastic tower or quaint spire. On the summit of a high conical rock, whose base rises abruptly from the river, fissured with clefts and bristling with pointed pinnacles, and so destitute of vegetation that it is difficult to distinguish the ruin from the rock which supports it, is one of those robbers' nests, the Castle of Dunenstein, famed as having been the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion. The descending voyage occupies only about twelve hours, but, owing to the force and rapidity of the current, we were thirty-six hours in ascending. At Linz I spent one day—went thence by a small railroad to Gmunden, forty-five miles, and by a steamboat on its lake, beautifully situated amidst the Salsburg Alps, to Ischl, a small town celebrated for its Brine Baths and the beauty of its situation: it has become quite a fashionable watering-place, attracting even the Nobles from the Provinces of Austria and Bavaria. Ischl is situated nearly in the centre of a romantic district called the Salzkammergut, (literally, 'property of the Salt-Chamber,') and allowed by all guide-books and travelers to be the most picturesque district of Europe. The scenery of the 'Salzkammergut,' with its beautiful valleys interspersed with lakes and rivers of crystal purity, and bounded on every side by the Alps with their snowy peaks, although not so bold, is yet more varied and I think as beautiful as that of Switzerland.

From Ischl we went by a lohnkutscher (vetturino) to Salsburg, where I remained but two days, although the beauty of its situation and 'sights' are perhaps sufficient to detain a traveler four or five. Murray's Guide-Book says, "Salzburg is allowed, by common consent, to be the most beautiful spot in Germany." But the most interesting objects of this section are the justly celebrated Salt-Mines at Hallein, eight miles distant. Our party consisted of eight persons, and, except myself and a Frenchman, all Germans. At the office of the Superintendent, near the entrance, we were each provided with a suit of miners' clothes to draw over our own, including a leather-apron to fasten on behind, a cap, and a stout leather glove for the right hand:—thus equipped, each carrying a torch, and with three miners as guides, we set out single file; our appearance reminded me of a gang of galley-slaves, such as I have often seen going to labor. The entrance is through a small hole near the summit of a high mountain called the Donenstein; from this through a horizontal passage only wide enough to admit of one person to pass at a time, and barely high enough to stand upright in; this tunnel extends into the mountain three thousand feet, and at the end of this is the first shaft, like a dark well, and three hundred and fifty feet deep; it is not quite perpendicular; the descent is made on a sort of inclined plane, consisting of two smooth poles running at the same angle with the shaft, and about a foot apart; the guide seats himself across these, resting one leg on either pole, and taking in his right hand a rope, fastened above and below, serving as a balustrade. We imitated him, taking our places in the same manner, one behind the other—(recollect, all this took place and I took mine without knowing exactly what it was all about; the guides and my companions were all talking German, and I could not understand them.) When all was ready the leader launched himself forth, and the train descended with a rapidity, to a beginner like myself, really frightful, and the first distinct intimation I had of such a hole or contrivance was when I found myself (more than half a mile in the interior of a mountain) suddenly sinking into the earth at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and without the power to stop myself. The first thing I began to think of, as soon as I could think of any thing, was where this hole was to end, or if it had an end?—a curiosity laudable enough, you will admit. The suddenness and novelty of this at first, though somewhat startling, is exciting, and before we got through I thought it very good fun; at the bottom of this we passed through another set of passages more extensive than the first, in which the miners were at work, at the end of which is another descent, and so on until we had descended no less than four of these shafts and traversed as many tiers of galleries and had penetrated into the 'bowels of the earth' a depth of no less than fourteen hundred feet; at the bottom of the last descent we reached a large chamber filled with water, resembling a subterraneous lake, which is gradually being converted into brine by dissolving the salt on its sides; this was illuminated for our reception by men sent on ahead for the purpose; we were ferried across it in a large flat-bottomed boat; from this, proceeding along another gallery a few hundred yards, we found two small carriages waiting for us; these were simply on a long pole placed between two pairs of wheels; this we straddled, as though on horse-back, the passage being narrow, keeping our knees close to the pole, and were pushed along by the miners at a quick pace. This last gallery is eight thousand and forty feet in length.

The first appearance of day-light is like a bright star at the end of the passage and in a few minutes after we found ourselves in the open air at the foot of the mountain and close to the town; this was altogether a novel and interesting excursion; the salt does not line nor sparkle from the walls in chrystal masses, as many travelers suppose, but is interspersed in veins and threads intermingled with a kind of bituminous clay, marl and gypsum, and the manner of obtaining it is by filling large chambers with water, and gradually converting the salt from its sides and roof into brine, which is conducted off in pipes to the evaporating houses; those are always situated in some district well supplied with fuel and are not unfrequently twenty or thirty miles from the mines: these chambers filled with water are sometimes from two to three hundred feet in circumference and frequently in tiers one above another; the one we crossed in a boat is purposely kept half filled to show visiters: the amount obtained is fifteen lbs. pure salt to one cubic foot of water. These mines have been worked for more than six hundred years and so great is the extent of the galleries and passages that it is said more than a week would be required to explore them *all*. We were in the mines about four hours and I judged we walked fully ten miles. At Salzburg I parted with a very clever fellow, a Frenchman; we had traveled together from Vienna, and came by the Diligence to this place, Munich, on the 17th June.

The Bavarian Capital contains a population of nearly one hundred thousand; the streets, like those of most German towns, present that old quaint appearance such as we see in the pictures by the old Dutch masters—the houses are irregular in their size and form, their fronts crowded with windows and ornamented with paintings in stucco or scroll work, at their corners are often tower-like projections or oriel windows and their steep sloping roofs perforated sometimes with as many as seven or eight dormant windows, giving it the appearance of the sides of a man-of-war with its port-holes open; this is the character of the old town;—the new part is far different: the improvements here have been all designed and made under the direction of the present King, a fellow of great taste and enterprize, and few finer buildings are to be found in Europe than those that decorate this part of the town. Of the people (their appearance I mean) one word will suffice, they are all 'Dutch;' just imagine the thoroughfares crowded with such people as you often see waddling in droves up the middle of Rector-street, just landed, (they are at home here,) and you will at once have an idea of the appearance of the streets of Munich. Through one end of the city runs the 'Iser, rolling rapidly,' a small unnavigable river used chiefly for mill purposes.

But in the Fine Arts—from the splendid collections here drawn together, and the encouragement given to the Modern School—Munich may be said to have become the seat of the Arts. In this particular perhaps no city north of the Alps offers greater attractions for the traveler of taste than the capital of Bavaria, and all, or chiefly, owing to the patronage, the refined taste and the exertions of one individual, the

reigning monarch; in the accumulation of these treasures, in the erection of the splendid receptacles to contain them, and in the improvements of the city, the contents of his own private purse have been lavished with a truly kingly hand. Under his fostering care and the taste he has created and disseminated about him; nearly six hundred now *flourish* in Munich—indeed he appears to be perfectly 'rabid' on this subject—erecting new Palaces, Churches, and other buildings apparently only that he may employ artists in decorating them, while statues and monuments rise in every direction. The new Palace, or rather an addition he is making to the old one, (already as large as a small town,) is ornamented with frescoes, arabesques and bas-reliefs by the first artists of the day. The throne-room will be decorated with twelve colossal statues in gilt bronze, representing the Dukes of Bavaria in the costume of the time in which they lived; they are by the celebrated German sculptor, Schwanthaler; seven of them are already finished—they are 'magnifique!' This will be an assembly truly worthy to surround a king. Altogether the Palace of the King of Bavaria for neatness, strict classical taste and beauty of its interior decoration, when finished, will surpass (this is admitted) every Royal residence of Europe. The arts of painting in encaustic and upon glass, once supposed to have been lost, have been revived and are here carried on to their former perfection. The King, said to be himself a poet of no mean skill, takes delight in assembling about him and encouraging this kind of talent; Schools and Universities come in for their share of Royal favor, while the Royal Library stored with its 800,000 volumes stands second to *none*. Verily for Munich this is an 'Augustan Age.'

For The New-Yorker.

LEWELLEN.

'T is midnight in the baron's halls—some call the revel joy;
Not wine lights up Lewellen's eye, 't is sight of one fair boy,
Who with plumed cap and wooden sword strides on in mimic pride,
O'er spear; and shield the father smiles—he has no child beside.

Four years had o'er the noble boy their lights and shadows thrown,
Four happy years, though mother's love the child had never known;
Yet had no tear remained unwiped by kind paternal hand,
Lewellen was a gentle knight, though chief of a Highland band.

The midnight taper casts its light full fearfully and dim
On the carvings in the grey old walls, over knights so fierce and grim,
Those knights had quaffed the goblet there and thrown the cup aside,
And told a tale in whispered words of brave Lewellen's bride.

'T is midnight—with unquiet step the baron treads his halls,
As listening to the hollow winds that rave around its walls;
"Hark! is that Kugen's bugle-blast! Ho, comrade! art thou there?
What tidings dost thou bring, my lad? Speak! is the foeman near?"

The vassal breathed the knight one word, and it seemed a startling spell,
For the falchion gleamed in his strong right hand, and poured the bugle-swell;
The gossiping knights sprang to their feet and buckled helmet on,
And the menial holds the pawing steed, till Lewellen bless his son.

He pressed the boy with a hasty kiss close to his mail clad breast;
"Poor bird," he murmured, "thou art reared in an ungenial nest;
What woe for thee if the arrows keen of the hunters lay me low!
God bless thee, boy! Farewell! farewell! Wise Heaven would have it so!"

He's gone—he has given the clinging child to a vassal tried and true;
The steed he rides is as the wind that brushes the mountain dew,
He 's gone where ne 'er true knight may flee to save fond father's life,
And his faithful clan shall find him there as e'er the first in strife.

Ah! long shall that sad child look out, and ask his sire's return,
And long that vassal turn his eye toward bloody Bannock Burn,
And long may the stirring bugle-blast through the deep ravine be swelling,
E'er it summon away to a glorious death a knight like the young Lewellen.

H. V.

JOURNALISM IN GERMANY.—It is matter of surprise, first of all, that we have so many periodicals in Germany; in 1831, according to the booksellers' Jahrbuch for that year, there were eight hundred and sixty-eight. If it is the difficult undertaking of the journals to bring under review every thing important, which is thought or done, a general view of the journals themselves ought, at least, to be easier. But what museum or reading-room in Germany, and what scholar, who merely devotes himself to a particular department, has not been obliged to struggle against the difficulty of overlooking nothing among so many periodicals? Still it is not so much the multitude of these journals that we would censure, as the unwise division and splitting up of their resources. States which constitute a political power need political organs of the views of the government, and also of the sentiments of the different oppositions, if there are any. Every city, indeed every country town, with its district, requires, at least, an advertising paper for its local interests. Every science, every branch of art should have a journal; and so should trade, manufactures and agriculture. A multitude of journals, therefore is necessary; but this number should not be increased tenfold by competition, without necessity.

It is especially to be lamented that we have no great, comprehensive central organ of the national mind. Where there is no discussion of local interests, where—in reference to common, national interests, to science and art—the talents which are allied to each other ought to unite, even there local spirit and an utterly foolish rivalry interfere, and dissipate the talents. England and France are evidently much before us in this particular. In those countries a few great political journals maintain the ascendancy; in these the leading parties concentrate all their energies; they are conducted on a definite and consistent plan, and sustained by the best talents of the party; and thus they are recognised by the nation as the organs of those parties, and become, as it were, a monopoly by an overwhelming increase of subscribers. Rivalry is possible here only to a very limited extent; it arises on the reinforcement or division of old parties, or the commencement of new ones; new journals originate when they are made really necessary by the changed constellation of political parties. The number of great, leading party papers is always comparatively small. Parties understand too well the advantage of a concentration of their resources; and the public, accustomed to the open discussion of important political questions, will sacrifice neither its interests nor its money without necessity. It adheres to a few commanding journals, though they cost more; it would not habituate itself to many smaller ones, were they to cost less. It must be expeditiously and substantially served. It does not care to know what two hundred ordinary minds, inexperienced younglings,—who have undertaken an editorship, because unfit for any thing else,—and what little cities, in every corner of the kingdom, babble and chatter about the occurrences of the day; but it must see at a glance, in a few papers, how the best-informed and most celebrated statesmen and organs of the principal parties handle the question. And in respect to the literature which is not political, a few great reviews hold the predominance in England; by means of which it is practicable to survey the entire field of English literature, and direct the opinions of the whole nation, while, at the same time, the private sentiments of the critic who speaks through these journals must be accommodated to the national feeling and intelligence.

American Eclectic from Wolfgang Menzel.

GREECE IN HER GLORY.—"We are told by the Father of History," says Mr. Mitchell, in his able introduction to the *Acharnians* "that when Cræsus, king of Lydia, was preparing to make war upon the mighty monarch of the East, and anxiously looking about for such assistance as might aid him in his perilous enterprise, he heard (it would seem for the first time) of two peoples on the opposite shore of Greece, the one Doric, the other of Ionic race; the latter, with several minor states, submitting to a sort of supremacy on the part of the former." To this state, as supreme, the Lydian king condescended to be courteous, as to an equal; with it he condescended to conclude a treaty, and from it to receive such succors as might demonstrate rather the good wishes than the power of his foreign ally. Before, however, these succors could arrive, the Lydian had been defeated by his all-powerful opponent, hardly rescued from a frightful death, and reduced to the condition of an humble follower of his conqueror. The way over the entire East had passed into the hands of one king, and he the bravest, the most politic of his age; whilst Greece, once more neglected and despised, was bid to look at home, and beware how she interfered, even in words, with the will of *The King*. Pass over but a few years, and how changed is the scene! Sparta, the former ally of the foreigner, holds herself aloof from the East, its temptations and its dangers; whilst Athens, by her hasty and ill-advised assistance of the Ionians in their revolt against the Persian, brings back on her own land all the horrors of an Eastern invasion, and involves the entire continent of Greece in the consequences of her indiscretion. And then with what rapidity do events hurry on! We pass from Sardis in flames, to the plains of Attica covered with the myriads of the East; from the well foughten field of Marathon to the narrow pass of Thermopylæ; from Athens, the fair, the beautiful, deserted and burnt, to the land-locked bay of Salamis, and the homeless Athenians commencing in that narrow sea the destruction of that host, which the battles of Platæa and Mycale completed. What would have been the Lydian captive's astonishment, as he humbly followed the footsteps of Cyrus, had some magic mirror disclosed to him the events which a few succeeding years were to bring to pass! Would he have credited that those two nations, of whose existence he had hardly so much as heard, would so soon be found measuring their strength with the Lord of Asia; coping with that power before which *he* had fallen; defeating its countless myriads; and at last prescribing to its now submissive lord how far his vessel might be permitted to sail, beyond what limits they should not trespass, and within what distance of the coast the horsemen of *the king* should dare to ride!

The stubborn patriotism of the younger of these two nations had achieved this great victory. Yes! to the eternal glory of Athens be it recorded, she, and she alone, was the deliverer of Greece! Had she once faltered, every thing must have gone down before the invader's power. It cannot be denied that, in the glorious struggle which freed Greece from the power of the Persian, almost the entire praise, not only of courage, but of nobleness, wisdom, and disinterestedness, lies on the side of Athens. The gratitude which she reaped was proportionate. And who can doubt but that gratitude would have been lasting—who can suppose that Greece would ever have forgotten what she owed to Athens, how true Athens had been to her, had Athens but have continued true to herself? *Frasers' Magazine for August*

For The New-Yorker.

THE MOUNTAIN HYMN.

BY C. S. WALLIS.

In a pedestrian pilgrimage over the Alleghany Mountains, in 1839, the writer encountered one evening at twilight, a family of his acquaintance bound for the West. They had encamped in a *poetic* little valley on a green spot, overshadowed on the one side by a precipitous ridge clothed with tall pines, on the other affording a view of mountains still in advance. It was a choice locality; and a crystal spring hard by, babbling from a pile of loose rocks, completed its charms. The lonely straggler was readily persuaded to '*share pot-luck and stay all night.*' After a substantial supper, the wife and daughter requested deponent to '*draw off a hime*' for the occasion. There was inspiration in the place—in the time—in the recollections awakened by the scene—and in the approving smiles of the black-eyed girl, rallying the writer to the task. Sitting down to the light of the blazing pine knots, the following lines substantially were produced, and sung with all due solemnity, and, as deponent trusteth, in the proper spirit, by the family of emigrants and their fortunate guest:

AIR.—'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.'

How beautiful the Mountains,
Beneath the evening sky!
How pleasantly the fountain's
Glad waters murmur by!
Pleasant the breeze of even,
And sweet the sky above;
The stream, the breeze, and Heaven,
Speak the Creator's love.

There is a Power above us,
And guardian spirits near,
And that those spirits love us,
In the whispered winds we hear.
Rise we in adoration
Of Heaven's all-wise control,
How sweet the contemplation
It awakens in the soul!

The spirit that rejoices
There in the land of bliss,
Will bear away our voices
Up to the Throne from this.
God of the Mountains—Spirit
Supreme, as here we raise
Our thanks may we inherit
The blessings of thy praise.

Guide of the Pilgrim—screen us,
Beneath whose sheltering wing,
Though Mountains rise between us,
Kindred and friends may sing.
Staff of the traveler—guard him,
Until his journey's past,
And may thy grace reward him
With happiness at last.

Washington, August, 1841.

EVENING PARTIES.

(From an Essay on 'Men and Coats,' in Frazer's Magazine for August.)

Do not be angry, ladies, that one of your most ardent and sincere admirers should seem to speak disparagingly of your merits, or recommend his fellows to shun the society in which you ordinarily assemble. No, Misses, I am the man who respects you truly—the man who respects and loves you when you are most lovely and respectable—in your families, my dears. A wife, a mother, a daughter—has God made any thing more beautiful? A friend—can one find a truer, kinder, a more generous and enthusiastic one, than a woman often will be? All that has to do with your hearts is beautiful, and in every thing with which they meddle, a man must be a brute not to love and honor you.

But Miss Rudge in blue crape, squeaking romances at a harp, or Miss Tobin dancing in a quadrille, or Miss Blogg twisting round the room in the arms of a lumbering Life-guardsman;—what are these?—so many vanities. With the operations here described, the heart has nothing to do. Has the intellect? Oh, ye gods! think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing

"Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away, away to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a ving:"

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times, and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem—such a songster!

No, madam, if I want to hear a song sung, I will pay eight and six-pence and listen to Tamburini and Persiani. I will not pay, gloves three-and-six; cab there and back, four shillings; silk stockings every now and then, say a shilling a time; I will not pay to hear Miss Rudge screech such disgusting twaddle as the above. If I want to see dancing, there is Taglioni for my money; or across the water, Mrs. Serle and her forty pupils; or at Covent Garden, Madame Vedy, beautiful as a houri, dark eyed and agile as a gazelle,

I can see all these in comfort, and they dance a great deal better than Miss Blogg and Captain Haggerty, the great red-whiskered monster, who always wears nankeens because he thinks his legs are fine. If I want conversation, what has Miss Flock to say to me, forsooth, between the figures of a cursed quadrille that we are all gravely dancing? By Heavens, what an agony it is! Look at the he-dancers, they seem oppressed with dreadful care. Look at that cavalier soul! if the operation lasted long, the man's hair would turn white—he would go mad! And is it for this that men and women assemble in multitudes, for this sorry pastime?

No! dance as you will, Miss Smith, and swim through the quadrille like a swan, or flutter through the gallop like a sylphide, and have the most elegant fresh toilettes, the most brilliantly polished white shoulders, the blandest eyes, the reddest, simperingest mouth, the whitest neck, the—in fact, I say, be as charming as you will, *that* is not the place in which, if you are worth any thing, you are most charming. You are beautiful; you are very much *décolletée*; your eyes are always glancing down at a pretty pearl necklace, round a pearly neck, or on a fresh, fragrant bouquet, stuck—fiddle-stick! What is it that the men admire in you?—the animal, Miss—the white, plump, external Smith, which men with their eye-glasses, standing at various parts of the room, are scanning pertly and curiously. A pretty admiration, truly! But is it possible that these men can admire any thing else in you who have so much that is really admirable? Cracknell, in the course of the waltz, has just time to pant into your ear, "Were you at Ascot Races?" Kidwinter, who dances two sets of quadrilles with you, whispers to you, "Do you pwefer thtwawbey ithe aw wathbewy ithe?" and asks the name of "that gweat enawmuth fat woman in wed thatin and bird of pawadithe?" to which you reply, "Law, sir, it's mamma;" The rest of the evening passes away in conversations similarly edifying. What can any of the men admire in you, you little silly creature, but the animal? There is your mother, now, in red, and a bird of paradise, as Kidwinter says. She has a large fan, which she flaps to and fro across a broad chest; and has one eye directed to her Amelia, dancing with Kidwinter before-mentioned; another watching Jane, who is dancing *vis-à vis* with Major Cutta; and a third complacently cast upon Edward, who is figuring with Miss Binx in the other quadrille. How the dear fellow has grown, to be sure; and how like his papa at his age—heigho! There is mamma, the best woman breathing; but fat, and even enormous, as has been said of her. Does any body gaze on *her*? And yet she was once as slim and as fair as you, O simple Amelia!

Does any body care for her? Yes, one. Your father cares for her; Smith cares for her; and in his eyes she is still the finest woman of the room; and he remembers when he danced down seven-and-forty couples of a country-dance with her, two years before you were born or thought of. But it was all chance that Miss Hopkins turned out to be the excellent creature she was. Smith did not know any more than that she was gay, plump, good-looking, and had five thousand pounds. Hit or miss, he took her, and has had assuredly no cause to complain; but she might have been a Borgia or Joan of Naples, and have had the same smiling looks and red cheeks, and five thousand pounds, which won his heart in the year 1814.

The system of evening parties, then, is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of the object of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat and feverish glazed pumps, and stiff white waistcoat, as he is in his green double-breasted frock, his old black ditto, or his woollen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down to be an ass; and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to most advantage, not among those whom she cannot care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at her piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart; and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in her intercourse with her family and her friends, and detests the miserable, twaddling slipslop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball; he avoids and despises such meetings.

He keeps his evening coat, then, for *dinners*. And if this friendly address to all the mothers who read this miscellany may somewhat be acted upon by them; if heads of families, instead of spending hundreds upon chalking floors, and Gunter, and cold suppers, and Weippert's band, will determine upon giving a series of plain, neat, nice dinners, of not too many courses, but well cooked, of not too many wines, but good of their sort, and according to the giver's degree, they will see that the young men will come to them fast enough; that they will marry their daughters quite as fast, without injuring their health, and that they will make a saving at the year's end. I say that young men, young women, and heads of families, should bless me for pointing out this obvious plan to them, so natural, so hearty, so hospitable, so different to the present artificial mode.

A grand ball in a palace is splendid, generous, and noble—a sort of procession in which people may figure properly. A family dance is a pretty and pleasant amusement; and (especially after dinner) it does the philosopher's heart good to look upon merry young people who know each other, and are happy, natural, and familiar. But a Baker Street hop is a base invention, and as such let it be denounced and avoided.

BARNABY RUDGE.

A New Work by Boz.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The mob had been divided from its first assemblage into four divisions; the London, the Westminster, the Southwark, and the Scotch. Each of these divisions being subdivided into various bodies, and these bodies being drawn up in various forms and figures, the general arrangement was, except to the few chiefs and leaders, as unintelligible as the plan of a great battle to the meanest soldier in the field. It was not without its method, however; for, in a very short space of time after being put in motion, the crowd had resolved itself into three great parties, and were prepared, as had been arranged, to cross the river by different bridges, and make for the House of Commons in separate detachments.

At the head of that division which had Westminster Bridge for its approach to the scene of action, Lord George Gordon took his post; with Gashford at his right hand, and sundry ruffians, of most unpromising appearance, forming a kind of staff about him. The conduct of a second party, whose route lay by Blackfriars, was entrusted to a committee of management, including perhaps a dozen men; while the third, which was to go by London Bridge, and through the main streets, in order that their number and their serious intentions might be the better known and appreciated by the citizens, were led by Simon Tappertit, (assisted by a few subalterns, selected from the Brotherhood of United Bull-Dogs,) Dennis the hangman, Hugh, and some others.

The word of command being given, each of these great bodies took the road assigned to it, and departed on its way, in perfect order and profound silence. That which went through the City greatly exceeded the others in number, and was of such prodigious extent that when the rear began to move, the front was nearly four miles in advance, notwithstanding that the men marched three abreast and followed very close upon each other.

At the head of this party, in the place where Hugh, in the madness of his humor, had stationed him, and walking between that dangerous companion and the hangman, went Barnaby; as many a man among the thousands who looked on that day afterwards remembered well. Forgetful of all other things in the ecstacy of the moment, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling with delight, heedless of the weight of the great banner he carried, and mindful only of its flashing in the sun and rustlings in the summer breeze: on he went, proud, happy, elated past all telling:—the only light-hearted, undesigning creature, in the whole assembly.

"What do you think of this?" asked Hugh, as they passed through the crowded streets, and looked up at the windows which were thronged with spectators. "They have all turned out to see our flags and streamers? Eh, Barnaby? Why, Barnaby's the greatest man of all the pack! His flag 's the largest of the lot, the brightest too.—There 's nothing in the show like Barnaby. All eyes are turned on him. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do n't make that din, brother," growled the hangman, glancing with no very approving eyes at Barnaby as he spoke; "I hope he do n't think there 's nothing to be done but carrying that there piece of blue rag, like a boy at a breaking-up. You 're ready for action I hope, eh? You, I mean," he added, nudging Barnaby roughly with his elbow. "What are you staring at? Why do n't you speak?"

Barnaby had been gazing at his flag, and looked vacantly from his questioner to Hugh.

"He do n't understand your way," said the latter. "Here, I 'll explain it to him. Barnaby, old boy, attend to me."

"I 'll attend," said Barnaby, looking anxiously round; "but I wish I could see her somewhere."

"See who?" demanded Dennis in a gruff tone. "You ain't in love I hope, brother? That ain't the sort of thing for us, you know. We must n't have no love here."

"She would be proud, indeed, to see me now, eh, Hugh?" said Barnaby. "Would n't it make her glad to see me at the head of this large show? She 'd cry with joy, I know she would. Where *can* she be? She never sees me at my best, and what do I care to be gay and fine if *she* 's not by?"

"Why, what palaver 's this?" asked Mr. Dennis, with supreme disdain. "We a' n't got no sentimental members among us, I hope."

"Do n't be uneasy, brother," cried Hugh, "he 's only talking of his mother."

"Of his what?" said Dennis, with a strong oath.

"His mother."

"And I have combined myself with this here section, and turned out on this here memorable day to hear men talk about their mothers?" growled Mr. Dennis, with extreme disgust. "The notion of a man 's sweetheart is bad enough, but a man 's mother!—" and here his disgust was so extreme that he spat upon the ground, and could say no more.

"Barnaby's right," cried Hugh, with a grin, "and I say it. Lookee, bold lad. If she 's not here to see, it's because I've provided for her, and sent half a dozen gentlemen, every one of 'em with a blue flag (but not half as fine as yours,) to take her, in state, to a grand house all hung round with gold and silver banners, and every thing else you please, where she'll wait till you come, and want for nothing."

"Ay!" said Barnaby, his face beaming with delight: "have you, indeed? That's a good hearing. That's fine! Kind Hugh!"

"But nothing to what will come, bless you," retorted Hugh, with a wink at Dennis, who regarded his new companion in arms with great astonishment.

"No, indeed!" cried Barnaby.

"Nothing at all," said Hugh. "Money, cocked hats and feathers, red coats and gold lace; all the fine things there are, ever were, or will be: will belong to us if we are true to that noble gentleman—the best man in the world, carry our flags for a few days, and keep them safe. That's all we've got to do."

"Is that all?" cried Barnaby, with glistening eyes, as he clutched his pole the tighter; "I warrant you I keep this one safe, then. You have put it in good hands. You know me, Hugh. Nobody shall wrest this flag away."

"Well said!" cried Hugh. "Ha, ha! Nobly said! That's the old stout Barnaby, that I have climbed and leaped with many and many a day—I knew I was not mistaken in Barnaby. Don't you see, man," he added in a whisper, as he slipped to the other side of Dennis; "that the lad's a natural, and can be got to do anything, if you take him the right way. Letting alone the fun he is, he's worth a dozen men, in earnest, as you'd find, if you tried a fall with him. Leave him to me. You shall soon see whether he's of use or not."

Mr. Dennis received these explanatory remarks with many nods and winks, and softened his behavior towards Barnaby from that moment. Hugh, laying his finger on his nose, stepped back into his former place, and they proceeded in silence.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the three great parties met at Westminster, and, uniting into one huge mass, raised a tremendous shout. This was not only done in token of their presence, but as a signal to those on whom the task devolved that it was time to take possession of the lobbies of both Houses, and of the various avenues of approach, and of the gallery stairs. To the last-named place, Hugh and Dennis, still with their pupil between them, rushed straightway; Barnaby having given his flag into the hands of one of their own party, who kept them at the outer door. Their followers pressing on behind, they were borne as on a great wave to the very doors of the gallery, whence it was impossible to retreat, even if they had been so inclined, by reason of the throng which choked up the passages. It is a familiar expression in describing a great crowd, that a person might have walked upon the people's heads. In this case it was actually done; for a boy who had by some means got among the concourse, and was in imminent danger of suffocation, climbed to the shoulders of a man beside him, and walked upon the people's hats and heads into the open street; traversing in his passage the whole length of two staircases and a long gallery. Nor was the swarm without less dense; for a basket which had been tossed into the crowd was jerked from head to head, and shoulder to shoulder, and went spinning and whirling on above them, until it was lost to view, without ever once falling in among them or coming near the ground.

Through this vast throng, sprinkled doubtless here and there with honest zealots, but composed for the most part of the very scum and refuse of London, whose growth was fostered by bad criminal laws, bad prison regulations, and the worst conceivable police—such of the members of both Houses of Parliament as had not taken the precaution to be already at their posts were compelled to fight and force their way. Their carriages were stopped and broken; the wheels wrenched off; the glass shivered to atoms; the panels beaten in; drivers, footmen, and masters, pulled from their seats and rolled in the mud. Lords, commoners, and reverend Bishops, with little distinction of person or party, were kicked and pinched and hustled; passed from hand to hand through various stages of ill usage, and sent to their fellow senators at last with their clothes hanging in ribands about them, their bagwigs torn off, themselves speechless and breathless, and their persons covered with the powder which had been cuffed and beaten out of their hair. One Lord was so long in the hands of the populace, that the Peers as a body resolved to sally forth and rescue him, and were in the act of doing so, when he happily appeared among them, covered with dirt and bruises, and hardly to be recognized by those who knew him best. The noise and uproar were on the increase every moment. The air was filled with execrations, hoots, and howlings. The mob raged and roared, like a mad monster as it was, unceasingly, and each new outrage served to swell its fury.

Within doors, matters were even yet more threatening.—Lord George—preceded by a man who carried the immense petition on a porter's knot through the lobby to the door of the House of Commons, where it was received by two officers of the house, who rolled it up to the table ready for presentation—had taken his seat at an early hour, before the Speaker went to prayers. His followers pouring in at the same time, the lobby and the avenues were immediately filled, as we have seen: thus the members were not only attacked in their passage through the streets, but were set upon within the very walls of Parliament; while the tumult, both within and without, was so great, that those who attempted to speak could scarcely hear their own voices; far less consult upon the course it would be wise to take in such extremity, or animate each other to dignified and firm resistance. So sure as

any member, just arrived, with dress disordered and dishevelled hair, came struggling through the crowd in the lobby, it yelled and screamed in triumph; and when the door of the house, partially and cautiously opened by those within for his admission, gave them a momentary glimpse of the interior, they grew more wild and savage, like beasts at the sight of prey, and made a rush against the portal which strained its locks and bolts in their staples and shook the very beams.

The strangers' gallery, which was immediately above the door of the house, had been ordered to be closed on the first rumour of disturbance, and was empty; save that now and then Lord George took his seat there, for the convenience of coming to the head of the stairs which led to it, and repeating to the people what had passed within. It was on these stairs that Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis were posted. There were two flights, short, steep, and narrow, running parallel to each other, and leading to two little doors communicating with a low passage which opened on the gallery. Between them was a kind of well, or unglazed skylight, for the admission of light and air into the lobby, which might be some eighteen or twenty feet below.

Upon one of these little staircases—not that at the head of which Lord George appeared from time to time, but the other—Gashford stood with his elbow on the banister, and his cheek, resting on his hand, with his usual crafty aspect. Whenever he varied this attitude in the slightest degree—so much as by the gentlest motion of his arm—the uproar was certain to increase, not merely there, but in the lobby below; from which place, no doubt, some man who acted as fugleman to the rest, was constantly looking up and watching him.

"Order!" cried Hugh, in a voice which made itself heard even above the roar and tumult, as Lord George appeared at the top of the staircase. "News! News from my Lord!"

The noise continued notwithstanding his appearance, until Gashford looked round. There was silence immediately—even among the people in the passages without, and on the other staircases, who could neither see nor hear, but to whom, notwithstanding, the signal was conveyed with marvellous rapidity.

"Gentlemen," said Lord George, who was very pale and agitated, "we must be firm. They talk of delays, but we must have no delays. They talk of taking your petition into consideration next Tuesday, but we must have it considered now. Present appearances look bad for our success, but we must succeed and will!"

"We must succeed and will!" echoed the crowd. And so among their shouts and cheers and other cries, he bowed to them and retired, and presently came back again. There was another gesture from Gashford, and a dead silence directly.

"I am afraid," he said, this time, "that we have little reason, gentlemen, to hope for any redress from the proceedings of parliament. But we must redress our own grievances, we must meet again, we must put our trust in Providence, and it will bless our endeavors."

This speech being a little more temperate than the last, was not so favorably received. When the noise and exasperation were at their hight, he came back once more, and told them that the alarm had gone forth for many miles round; that when the King heard of the assembling together in that great body, he had no doubt His Majesty would send down private orders to have their wishes complied with; and—with the manner of his speech as childish, irresolute, and uncertain as his matter—was proceeding further, when two gentlemen suddenly appeared at the door where he stood, and pressing past him and coming a step or two lower down upon the stairs, confronted the people.

The boldness of this action quite took them by surprise. They were not the less disconcerted, when one of the gentlemen, turning to Lord George, spoke thus—in a loud voice that they might hear him well, but quite coolly and collectedly.

"You may tell these people, if you please, my Lord, that I am General Conway of whom they have heard; and that I oppose this petition, and all their proceedings, and yours. I am a soldier, you may tell them; and I will protect the freedom of this place with my sword. You see, my Lord, the members of this house are all in arms to-day; you know that the entrance to it is a narrow one; you cannot be ignorant that there are men within these walls who are determined to defend that pass to the last, and before whom many lives must fall if your adherents persevere. Have a care what you do."

"And my Lord George," said the other gentleman, addressing him in like manner, "I desire them to hear this, from me—Colonel Gordon—your near relation. If a man among this crowd, whose uproar strikes us deaf, crosses the threshold of the House of Commons, I swear to run my sword that moment—not into his, but into your body!"

With that, they stepped back again, keeping their faces towards the crowd; took each an arm of the misguided nobleman; drew him into the passage, and shut the door; which they directly locked and fastened on the inside.

This was so quickly done, and the demeanour of both gentlemen—who were not young men either—was so gallant and resolute, that the crowd faltered and stared at each other with irresolute and timid looks. Many tried to turn toward the door; some of the faintest-hearted cried that they had best go back, and called to those behind to give way; and the panic and confusion were increasing rapidly, when Gashford whispered Hugh.

"What now!" Hugh roared aloud, turning toward them. "Why go back? Where can you do better than here, boys! One good rush against these doors and one below at the same time, will do the business. Rush on then! As to the door below, let those stand back who are afraid. Let those who are not afraid, try who shall be first to pass it. Here goes. Look out down there!"

Without the delay of an instant, he threw himself headlong over the banisters into the lobby below. He had hardly touched the ground when Barnaby was at his side. The chaplain's assistant and some members who were imploring the people to retire, immediately withdrew; and then, with a great shout, both crowds threw themselves against the doors pell-mell, and besieged the House in earnest.

At that moment, when a second onset must have brought them into collision with those who stood on the defensive within, in which case great loss of life and bloodshed would inevitably have ensued,—the hindmost portion of the crowd gave way, and the rumor spread from mouth to mouth that a messenger had been despatched by water for the military, who were forming in the street. Fearful of sustaining a charge in the narrow passages in which they were so closely wedged together, the throng poured out as impetuously as they flocked in. As the whole stream turned at once, Barnaby and Hugh went with it: and so, fighting and struggling and trampling on fallen men and being trampled on in turn themselves, they and the whole mass floated by degrees into the open street, where a large detachment of the Guards, both horse and foot, came hurrying up; clearing the ground before them so rapidly that the people seemed to melt away as they advanced.

The word of command to halt being given, the soldiers formed across the street; the rioters, breathless and exhausted with their late exertions, formed likewise, though in a very irregular and disorderly manner. The commanding officer rode hastily into the open space between the two bodies, accompanied by a magistrate and an officer of the House of Commons, for whose accommodation a couple of troopers had hastily dismounted. The Riot Act was read, but not a man stirred.

In the first rank of the insurgents, Barnaby and Hugh stood side by side. Somebody had thrust into Barnaby's hands when he came out into the street, his precious flag; which being now rolled up and tied round the pole, looked like a giant quarter-staff as he grasped it firmly and stood upon his guard. If ever man believed with his whole heart and soul that he was engaged in a just cause, and that he was bound to stand by his leader to the last, poor Barnaby believed it of himself and Lord George Gordon.

After an ineffectual attempt to make himself heard, the magistrate gave the word and the Horse Guards came riding in among the crowd. But even then he galloped here and there, exhorting the people to disperse; and, although heavy stones were thrown at the men, and some were desperately cut and bruised, they had no orders but to make prisoners of such of the rioters as were the most active, and to drive the people back with the flat of their sabres. As the horses came in among them, the throng gave way at many points, and the Guards, following up their advantage, were rapidly clearing the ground, when two or three of the foremost, who were in a manner cut off from the rest by the people closing round them, made straight towards Barnaby and Hugh, who had no doubt been pointed out as the two men who dropped into the lobby; laying about them now with some effect, and inflicting on the more turbulent of their opponents, a few slight flesh-wounds, under the influence of which a man dropped senseless, here and there, into the arms of his fellows, amid much groaning and confusion.

At the sight of gashed and bloody faces, seen for a moment in the crowd, then hidden by the press around them, Barnaby turned pale and sick. But he stood his ground, and grasping his pole more firmly yet, kept his eye fixed upon the nearest soldier—nodding his head meantime, as Hugh, with a scowling visage, whispered in his ear.

The soldier came spurring on, making his horse rear as the people pressed about him, cutting at the hands of those who would have grasped his rein and forced his charger back, and waving to his comrades to follow—and still Barnaby, without retreating an inch, waited for his coming. Some called him to fly, and some were in the very act of closing round him, to prevent his being taken, when the pole swept the air above the people's heads, and the man's saddle was empty in an instant.

Then he and Hugh turned and fled; the crowd opening to let them pass, and closing up again so quickly that there was no clue to the course they had taken. Panting for breath, hot, dusty, and exhausted with fatigue, they reached the river-side in safety, and getting into a boat with all despatch were soon out of any immediate danger.

As they glided down the river, they plainly heard the people cheering; and supposing they might have forced the soldiers to retreat, lay upon their oars for a few minutes, uncertain whether to return or not. But the crowd passing along Westminster Bridge, soon assured them that the populace were dispersing; and Hugh rightly guessed from this, that they had cheered the magistrate for offering to dismiss the military on condition of their immediate departure to their several homes; and that he and Barnaby were better where they were. He advised, therefore, that they should proceed to Blackfriars, and, going ashore at the bridge, make the best of their way to the Boot; where there was not only good entertainment and safe lodging, but where they would certainly be joined by many of their late companions. Barnaby assenting, they decided on this course of action, and pulled for Blackfriars accordingly.

They landed at a critical time, and fortunately for themselves at the right moment. For, coming into Fleet Street, they found it in an unusual stir; and inquiring the cause, were told that a body of Horse Guards had just galloped past, and that they were escorting some rioters whom they had made prisoners, to Newgate for safety. Not at all ill-pleased to have so narrowly escaped the calvalcade, they lost no more time in asking questions, but hurried to the Boot with as much speed as Hugh considered it prudent to make, without appearing singular or attracting an inconvenient share of public notice.

CHAPTER L.

They were the first to reach the tavern, but they had not been there many minutes, when many groups of men who had formed part of the crowd, came straggling in. Among them were Simon Tappertit and Mr. Dennis; both of whom, but especially the latter, greeted Barnaby with the utmost warmth, and paid him many compliments on the prowess he had shown.

"Which," said Dennis, with an oath, as he rested his bludgeon in a corner with his hat upon it, and took his seat at the same table with them, "it does me good to think of. There was a opportunity! But it led to nothing. For my part, I do n't know what would. There 's no spirit among the people in these here times. Bring something to eat and drink here. I 'm disgusted with humanity."

"On what account?" asked Mr. Tappertit, who had been quenching his fiery face in a half-gallon can. "Do n't you consider this a good beginning, mister?"

"Give me security that it an't an ending," rejoined the hangman. "When that soldier went down, we might have made London ours. But no; we stand and gape, and look on—the justice (I wish he had a bullet in each eye, as he would have had, if we 'd gone to work my way) says 'My lads, if you 'll give me your word to disperse, I 'll order off the military'—our people set up a hurrah, throw up the game with the winning cards in their hands, and stalk away like a pack of tame curs as they are. Ah!" said the hangman, in a tone of deep disgust, "it makes me blush for my feller creeturs. I wish I had been born a ox, I do!"

"You 'd have been quite as agreeable a character if you had been, I think," returned Simon Tappertit, going out in a lofty manner.

"Do n't be too sure of that," rejoined the hangman, calling after him; "if I was a horned animal at the present moment, with the smallest grain of sense, I 'd toss every man in this company, excepting them two," meaning Hugh and Barnaby, "for his manner of conducting himself this day."

With which mournful review of their proceedings, Mr. Dennis sought consolation in cold boiled beef and beer; but without at all relaxing the grim and dissatisfied expression of his face, the gloom of which was rather deepened than dissipated by their grateful influence.

The company who were thus libelled might have retaliated by strong words, if not by blows, but they were dispirited and worn out. The greater part of them had fasted since morning; all had suffered extremely from the excessive heat; and, between the day's shouting, exertion, and excitement, many had quite lost their voices, and so much of their strength that they could hardly stand. Then they were uncertain what to do next, fearful of the consequences of what they had done already, and sensible that after all they had carried no point, but had indeed left matters worse than they had found them. Of those who had come to the Boot, many had dropped off within an hour; such of them as were really honest and sincere, never, after the morning's experience, returned to hold any communication with their late companions. Others remained but to refresh themselves, and then went home desponding; others who had theretofore been regular in their attendance, avoided the place altogether. The half-dozen prisoners whom the Guards had taken, were magnified by report into half a hundred at least; and their friends, being faint and sober, so slackened in their energy, and so drooped beneath these dispiriting influences, that by eight o'clock in the evening, Dennis, Hugh, and Barnaby were left alone. Even they were fast asleep upon the benches, when Gashford's entrance roused them.

"Oh! You *are* here then?" said the secretary. "Dear me!"

"Why, where should we be, Muster Gashford!" Dennis rejoined, as he rose into a sitting posture.

"Oh nowhere, nowhere," he returned, with excessive mildness. "The streets are filled with blue cockades. I rather thought you might have been among them. I am glad you *are* not."

"You have orders for us, master, then?" said Hugh.

"Oh dear, no. Not I. No orders, my good fellow. What orders should I have? You are not in my service."

"Muster Gashford," remonstrated Dennis, "we belong to the cause, do n't we?"

"The cause!" repeated the secretary, looking at him in a sort of abstraction. "There is no cause. The cause is lost."

"Lost!"

"Oh yes. You have heard, I suppose? The petition is rejected by a hundred and ninety-two, to six. It 's quite final. We might have spared ourselves some trouble: that, and my Lord's vexation, are the only circumstances I regret. I am quite satisfied in all respects."

As he said this, he took a penknife from his pocket, and putting his hat upon his knee, began to busy himself in ripping off the blue cockade which he had worn all day; at the same time humming a psalm tune which had been very popular in the morning, and dwelling on it with a gentle regret.

His two adherents looked at each other, and at him, as if they were at a loss how to pursue the subject. At length Hugh, after some elbowing and winking between himself

and Mr. Dennis, ventured to stay his hand, and to ask him why he meddled with that riband in his hat.

"Because," said the secretary, looking up with something between a snarl and a smile, "because to sit still and wear it, or fall asleep and wear it, or run away and wear it, is a mockery. That's all, friend."

"What would you have us do, master?" cried Hugh.

"Nothing," returned Gashford, shrugging his shoulders; "nothing. When my Lord was reproached and threatened for standing by you, I, as a prudent man, would have had you do nothing. When the soldiers were trampling you under their horses' feet, I would have had you do nothing. When one of them was struck down by a daring hand, and I saw confusion and dismay in all their faces, I would have had you do nothing—just what you did, in short. This is the young man who had so little prudence and so much boldness. Ah! I am sorry for him."

"Sorry, master!" cried Hugh.

"Sorry, Master Gashford!" echoed Dennis.

"In case there should be a proclamation out to-morrow, offering five hundred pounds, or some such trifle, for his apprehension; and in case it should include another man who dropped into the lobby from the stairs above," said Gashford, coldly; "still, do nothing."

"Fire and fury, master!" cried Hugh, starting up. "What have we done, that you should talk to us like this!"

"Nothing," returned Gashford, with a sneer. "If you are cast into prison; if the young man—" here he looked hard at Barnaby's attentive face—"is dragged from us and from his friends; perhaps from people whom he loves, and whom his death would kill; is thrown into jail, brought out and hanged before their eyes; still, do nothing. You'll find it your best policy, I have no doubt."

"Come on!" cried Hugh, striding towards the door. "Dennis—Barnaby—come on!"

"Where? To do what?" said Gashford, slipping past him, and standing with his back against it.

"Any where! Any thing!" cried Hugh. "Stand aside, master, or the window will serve our turn as well. Let us out!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You are of such—of such an impetuous nature," said Gashford, changing his manner for one of the utmost good fellowship and the pleasantest raillery: "you are such an excitable creature—but you'll drink with me before you go?"

"Oh, yes—certainly," growled Dennis, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty lips. "No malice, brother. Drink with Master Gashford!"

Hugh wiped his heated brow, and relaxed into a smile. The artful secretary laughed outright.

"Some liquor here! Be quick, or he'll not stop, even for that. He is a man of such desperate ardor!" said the smooth secretary, whom Mr. Dennis corroborated with sundry nods and muttered oaths—"Once roused, he is a fellow of such fierce determination!"

Hugh poised his sturdy arm aloft, and clapping Barnaby on the back, bade him fear nothing. They shook hands together—poor Barnaby evidently possessed with the idea that he was among the most virtuous and disinterested heroes in the world—and Gashford laughed again.

"I hear," he said smoothly, as he stood among them with a great measure of liquor in his hand, and filled their glasses as quickly and as often as they chose, "I hear—but I cannot say whether it be true or false—that the men who are loitering in the streets to-night, are half disposed to pull down a Romish chapel or two, and that they only want leaders. I even heard mention of those in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in Warwick Street, Golden Square; but common report, you know—You are not going?"

—"To do nothing, master, eh?" cried Hugh. "No jails and halter for Barnaby and me. They must be frightened out of that. Leaders are wanted, are they? Now boys!"

"A most impetuous fellow!" cried the secretary. "Ha, ha! A courageous, boisterous, most vehement fellow!—A man who—"

There was no need to finish the sentence, for they had rushed out the house, and were far beyond hearing. He stopped in the middle of a laugh, listened, drew on his gloves, and, clasping his hands behind him, paced the deserted room for a long time, then bent his steps towards the busy town, and walked into the streets.

They were filled with people, for the rumor of that day's proceedings had made a great noise. Those persons who did not care to leave home, were at their doors or windows, and one topic of discourse prevailed on every side. Some reported that the riots were effectually put down; others that they had broken out again: some said that Lord George Gordon had been sent under a strong guard to the Tower; others that an attempt had been made upon the King's life, that the soldiers had been again called out and that the noise of muskets in a distant part of the town had been plainly heard within an hour. As it grew darker, these stories became more direful and mysterious; and often, when some frightened passenger ran past with tidings that the rioters were not far off, and were coming up, the doors were shut and barred, lower windows made secure, and as much consternation engendered, as if the city were invaded by a foreign army.

Gashford walked stealthily about, listening to all he heard, and diffusing or confirming, whenever he had an opportunity, such false intelligence as suited his own purpose; and, busily occupied in this way, turned into Holborn for the twentieth time, when a great many women and children came flying along the street—often panting and looking back—and the confused murmur of numerous voices struck upon his ear. Assured by these tokens, and by the red light which began to flash upon the houses on either side, that some of his friends were indeed approaching, he begged a moment's shelter at the door which opened as he passed, and running with some other persons to an upper window, looked out upon the crowd.

They had torches among them, and the chief faces were distinctly visible. That they had been engaged in the destruction of some building was sufficiently apparent, and that it was a Catholic place of worship was evident from the spoils they bore as trophies, which were easily recognisable for the vestments of priests, and rich fragments of altar furniture. Covered with soot, and dirt, and dust, and lime; their garments torn to rags; their hair hanging wildly about them; their hands and faces ragged and bleeding with the wounds of rusty nails; Barnaby, Hugh and Dennis hurried on before them all, like hideous madmen. After them, the dense throng came fighting on: some singing; some shouting in triumph; some quarreling among themselves; some menacing the spectators as they passed; some with great wooden fragments, on which they spent their rage as if they had been alive, rending them limb from limb, and hurling the scattered morsels high into the air; some in a drunken state, unconscious of the hurts they had received from falling bricks, and stones, and beams; one borne upon a shutter, in the very midst, covered with a dingy cloth, a senseless, ghastly heap. Thus—a vision of coarse faces, with here and there a blot of flaring, smoky light; a dream of demon heads and savage eyes, and sticks and iron bars uplifted in the air, and whirled about; a bewildering horror, in which so much was seen, and yet so little, which seemed so long and yet so short, in which there were so many phantoms, not to be forgotten all through life, and yet so many things that could not be observed in that distracting glimpse;—it flitted onward and was gone.

As it passed away upon its work of wrath and ruin, a piercing scream was heard. A knot of persons ran toward the spot; Gashford, who just then emerged into the street, among them. He was on the outskirts of the little concourse, and could not see or hear what passed within; but one who had a better place, informed him that a widow woman had descried her son among the rioters.

"Is that all?" said the secretary, turning his face homeward. "Well! I think this looks a little more like business!"

From Graham's Magazine for September.

THE SAXON'S BRIDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHER'S" "CROMWELL," ETC.

There are times in England, when the merry month of May is not, as it would now appear, merely a poet's fiction; when the air is indeed mild and balmy, and the more conspicuously so, that it succeeds the furious gusts and driving hail-storms of the boisterous March, the fickle sunshine and capricious rains of April. One of these singular epochs in the history of weather it was, in which events occurred which remained unforgotten for many a day in the green wilds of Charnwood Forest. It was upon a soft, sweet morning, toward the latter end of the month, and surely nothing more delicious could have been conceived by the fancy of the poet. The low west wind was fanning itself among the tender leaves of the new-budded trees, and stealing over the deep meadows, all redolent with dewy wild flowers, waving them with a gentle motion, and borrowing a thousand perfumes from their bosoms; the hedge-rows were as white with the dense blossoms of the hawthorn, as though they had been powdered over by an untimely snow-storm, while everywhere along the wooded banks, the saffron primrose and its sweet sister of the spring, the violet, were sunning their unnumbered blossoms in the calm warmth of the vernal sunshine. The heavens, of a pure transparent blue, were laughing with a genial lustre, not flooded by the dazzling glare of midsummer, but pouring over all beneath their influence a lovely, gentle light, in perfect keeping with the style of the young scenery, and all the air was literally vocal with the notes of innumerable birds, from the proud lark, "rejoicing at heaven's gate," to the thrush and blackbird, trilling their full, rich chants from every dingle, and the poor linnet, piping on the spray. Nothing—no, nothing—can be imagined that so delights the fancy with sweet visions, that so enthrals the senses, shedding its influences even upon the secret heart, as a soft old-fashioned May morning. Apart from the mere beauties of the scenery, from the mere enjoyment of the bright skies, the dewy perfumes that float on every breeze, the mild, unscorching warmth—apart from all these, there is something of a deeper and a higher nature in the thoughts called forth by the spirit of the time—a looking forward of the soul to fairer things to come, an excitement of a quiet hope within, not very definite perhaps, nor easily explained, but one which almost every man has felt, and contrasted with the languid and pallid satiety produced by the full heat of summer, and yet more with the sober and reflective sadness that steals upon the mind as we survey the russet hues and the sere leaves of autumn. It is as if the newness, the fresh youth of the season, gave birth to a corresponding youth of the soul. Such are the sentiments which many men feel now-a-days, besides the painter and the poet and the soul-rapt enthusiast of nature; but these were iron days of which we write, and men spared little time to thought from action or from strife, nor often paused to note their own sensations, much less to ponder on their origin or to investigate their causes. The morning was such as we have described—the scene a spot of singular beauty within the precincts of the then royal forest of Charnwood, in Leicestershire. A deep, but narrow stream, wound in a hundred graceful turns through the rich meadow-land that formed the bottom of a small sloping vale, which had been partially reclaimed, even at that day, from the waste, though many a willow bush fringing its margin, and many a waving ash, fluttering its delicate tresses in the air, betrayed the woodland origin of the soft meadow. A narrow road swept down the hill, with a course little less serpentine than that of the river below, and crossed it by a small one-arched stone bridge, overshadowed by a gigantic oak tree, and scaled the opposite acclivity in two or three sharp and sandy zigzags. Both the hill sides were clothed with forest, but still the nature of the soil or some accidental causes had rendered the wood as different as possible, for on the further side of the stream, the ground was every where visible covered by a short mossy turf, softer and more elastic to the feet than the most exquisite carpet that ever issued from the looms of Persia, and overshadowed by huge and scattered oaks, growing so far apart that the eye could range far between their shadowy vistas; while on the near slope—the fore-ground, as it might be called, of the picture—all was a dense and confused mass of tangled shrubbery and verdure. Thickets of old gnarled thorn-bushes, completely overrun and matted with woodbines; coppices of young ash, with hazel interspersed, and eglantine and dog-roses thick set between; clumps of the prickly gorse and plume-like broom, all starry with their golden flowrets, and fern so wildly luxuriant that in many places it would have concealed the head of the tallest man, covered the ground for many a mile through which the narrow road meandered. There was one object more in view—one which spoke of man even in that solitude, and man in his better aspect—it was the slated roof and belfry, all overgrown with moss and stonecrop, of a small way-side chapel, in the old Saxon architecture, peering out from the shadows of the tall oaks which overhung it in the far distance. It was, as we have said, very small, in the old Saxon architecture, consisting, in fact, merely of a vaulted roof supported upon four squat massy columns, whence sprung the four groined ribs which met in the centre of the arch. Three sides alone of this primitive place of worship, which would have contained with difficulty forty persons, were walled in, the front presenting one wide open arch, richly and quaintly sculptured with the indented wolf's teeth of the first Saxon style. Small as it was, however, the little chapel had its high altar, with the crucifix and candle, its reading desk of old black oak, its font and pix and chalices, and all the adjuncts of the Roman ritual. A little way to the left might be discovered the low thatched eaves of a rustic cottage, framed of the unbarked stems of forest trees, the abode, probably, of the officiating priest, and close beside the walls of the little church a consecrated well, protected from the sun by a stone vault, of architecture corresponding to the chapel.

Upon the nearer slope, not far from the road-side, but entirely concealed from passers by the nature of the ground and the dense thickets, there were collected, at an early hour of the morning, five men with as many horses, who seemed to be awaiting, in a sort of ambush, some persons whom they would attack at unawares. The leader of the party, as he might be considered, as much from his appearance as from the deference shown to him by the others, was a tall, active, powerful man of thirty-eight or forty years, with a bold and expressive countenance—expressive, however, of no good quality, unless it were the fiery, reckless daring which blazed from his broad dark eye, and that was almost obscured by the cloud of insufferable pride which lowered upon his frowning brow, and by the deep scar-like lines of lust and cruelty and scorn which ploughed his weather-beaten features. His dress was a complete suit of linked chain-mail, hauberk and sleeves and hose with shoes of plaited steel and gauntlets wrought in scale, covering his person from his neck downward in impenetrable armor.—He had large gilded spurs buckled upon his heels, and a long two-edged dagger, with a rich hilt and scabbard, in his belt; but neither sword nor lance, nor any other weapon of offence except a huge steel mace, heavy enough to fell an ox at a single blow, which he grasped in his right hand, while from his left hung the bridle of a tall coal-black Norman charger, which was cropping the grass quietly beside him. His head was covered by a conical steel cap, with neither crest nor plume nor visor, and mail hood falling down from it to protect the neck and shoulders of the wearer. The other four were men-at-arms, clad all in suits of armor, but less completely than their lord; thus, they had steel shirts only, with stout buff breeches and heavy boots to guard their lower limbs, and iron skull caps only, without the hood, upon their heads, and leather gauntlets upon their hands; but, as if to make up for this deficiency, they were positively loaded with offensive weapons—they had the long two-handed sword of the period belted across their persons, three or four knives and daggers of various size and strength at their girdles, great battle-axes in their hands, and maces hanging at their saddle-bows. They had been tarrying there already several hours, their leader raising his eyes occasionally to mark the progress of the sun as he climbed up the azure vault, and muttering a brief and bitter curse as hour passed after hour, and those came not whom he expected.

"Danian," he said at length, turning to the principal of his followers, who stood nearer to his person and a little way apart from the others—"Danian, art sure this was the place and day? How the dog Saxons tarry—can they have learned our purpose?"

"Surely not, surely not, fair sir," returned the squire, "seeing that I have mentioned it to no one, not even to Raoul or Americ or Guy, who know no more than their own

battle-axes the object of their ambush. And it was pitch dark when we left the castle, and not a soul has see- here; so it is quite impossible they should sm- hark! there goes the bell; and see, sir, see- -us trooping through the oak trees dow- -pect—and

And indeed, as he spoke -—there they come pel began to chime- -a the hill!" bridal, and - -, the single bell of the small cha- be - - with the merry notes that proclaim a - a gay train of harmless, happy villagers might -een, as they flocked along, following the footsteps of the gray-headed Saxon monk, who, in his frock and cowl, with corded waist and sandalled feet, led the procession. Six young girls followed close behind him, dressed in blue skirts and russet jerkins, but crowned with garlands of white May flowers, and May wreaths wound like scarfs across their swelling bosoms, and hawthorn branches in their hands, sing-ing the bridal carol in the old Saxon tongue, in honor of the pride of the village, the young and lovely Marian. She was indeed the very personification of all the poet's dreams of youthful beauty; tall and slender in her figure, yet exquisitely, voluptuously rounded in every perfect outline, with a waist of a span's circumference, wide sloping shoulders, and a bust that, for its matchless swell, as it struggled and throbbed with a thousand soft emotions, threatening to burst from the confinement of her tight-fitting jacket, would have put to shame the bosom of the Medicean Venus. Her complexion, wherever the sun had not too warmly kissed her beauties, was pure as the driven snow, while her large, bright blue eyes, red laughing lip, and the luxuriant flood of sunny golden hair, which streamed down in wild, artless ringlets to her waist, made her a creature for a prince's, or more, a poet's adoration. But neither prince nor poet was the god of that fair girl's idolatry; but one of her own class, a Saxon youth, a peasant—nay, a serf—from his very cradle upward, the born thrall of Hugh de Mortemar, lord of the castle and the hamlet at its foot, named, from its situation in the depths of Charnwood, Ashby in the Forest. But there was now no craven collar about the sturdy neck of the young Saxon, telling of a suffering servitude; no dark shade of gloom in his full glancing eye; no sullen doggedness upon his lip, for he was that day, that glad day, a freeman—a slave no longer—but free, free by the gift of his noble master—free as the wild bird that sung so loudly in the forest—free as the liberal air that bore the carol to his ears. His frock of forest green and buskins of the untanned deer-hide set off his muscular symmetrical proportions, and his close-curled short auburn hair showed a well turned and shapely head. Behind this gay and happy pair came several maids and young men, two and two, and after these an old gray-headed man, the father of the bride, and leaning on his arm an aged matron the widowed mother of the enfranchised bridegroom.

Merrily rung the gay, glad bells, and blithely swelled up the bridal chorus as they collected on the little green before the ancient arch, and slowly filed into the precincts of the forest shrine; but very speedily their merriment was changed into dismay and terror and despair, for scarcely had they passed into the sacred building, before the knight, with his dark followers, leaped into their saddles, and thundering down the hill at a tremendous gallop, surrounded the chapel before the inmates had even time to think of any danger. It was a strange, wild contrast, the venerable priest within pronouncing even then the nuptial blessing, and proclaiming over the bright young pair the union made by God, which thenceforth no man should dissever—the tearful happiness of the blushing bride, the serious gladness of the stalwart husband, the kneeling peasantry, the wreaths of innocent flowers; and at the gate the stern, dark men-at-arms, with their scarred savage features, and their gold-gleaming harness and raised weapons. A loud shriek burst from the lips of the sweet girl, as, lifting her eyes to the sudden clang and clatter that harbingered those dread intruders, she saw and recognised upon the instant the fiercest of the Norman tyrants—dreaded by all his neighbors far and near, but most by the most virtuous and young and lovely—the bold, bad Baron of Maltravers. He bounded to the earth as he reached the door, and three of his followers leaped from their horses likewise, one sitting motionless in his war-saddle, and holding the four chargers. "Hold, priest!" he shouted, as he entered, "forbear this mummery; and thou, dog Saxon, think not that charms like these are destined to be clasped in rapture by any arms of thy low slavish race!" and with these words he strode up to the altar, seemingly fearless of the least resistance, while his men kept the door with brandished weapons. Mute terror seized on all, paralyzed utterly by the dread interruption—on all but the bold priest and the stout bridegroom.

"Nay, rather forbear thou, Alberic de Maltravers! These two are one forever—woe be to those who part them!"

"Tush, priest—tush, fool!" sneered the fierce Baron, as he seized him by the arm, and swinging him back rudely, advanced upon the terrified and weeping girl, who was now clinging to the very rails of the high altar, trusting, poor wretch, that some respect for that sanctity of place, which in old times had awed even heathens, might now prevail with one whom no respect for any thing divine or human had ever yet deterred from doing his unholy will.

"Ha! dog!" cried he, in fiercer tones, that filled the chapel as it were a trumpet, seeing the Saxon bridegroom lift up a heavy quarter-staff which lay beside him, and step in quietly but very resolutely in defence of his lovely wife—"Ha! dog and slave, dare you resist a Norman and a noble? back, serf, or die the death!" and he raised his huge mace to strike him.

"No serf, sir, nor slave either," returned the Saxon, firmly, "but a freeman, by my good master's gift, and a landholder."

"Well, master freeman and landholder," replied the other, with a bitter sneer, "if such name please you better, stand back—for Marian shall be none but mine this night—stand back, before worse come of it!"

"I will die rather"—was the answer—"Then die, fool, die!" shouted the furious Norman, and with the words he struck full at the bare brow of the dauntless Saxon with his tremendous mace—it fell, and with dint that would have crushed the strongest helmet into a thousand splinters—it fell, but by a dexterous sleight the yeoman swung his quarter-staff across the blow, and parried its direction, although the tough ash pole burst into fifty shivers—it fell upon the carved rails of the altar and smashed them into atoms; but while the knight who had been somewhat staggered by the impetus of his own misdirected blow, was striving to recover himself, the young man sprang upon him, and grappling him by the throat, gained a short-lived advantage. Short-lived it was indeed, and perilous to him that gained it, for although there were men enough in the chapel, all armed with quarter-staves, and one or two with the genuine brown bill, to have overpowered the four Normans, despite their war array—yet so completely were they overcome by consternation, that not one moved a step to aid him; the priest, who had alone showed any spark of courage, being impeded by the shrieking women, who, clinging to the hem of his vestments, implored him for the love of God to save them.

In an instant that fierce grapple was at an end, for in the twinkling of an eye, two of the men at arms had rushed upon him and dragged him off their lord.

"Now by the splendor of God's brow," shouted the enraged knight, "thou art a sweet dog thus to brave thy masters. Nay! harm him not. Raoul"—he went on—"harm not the poor dog,"—as his follower had raised his battle axe to brain him,—"harm him not, else we should raise the ire of that fool, Mortemar! Drag him out—tie him to the nearest tree, and this good priest beside him—before his eyes we will console this fair one." And with these words he seized the trembling girl, forcing her from the altar, and encircling her slender waist in the foul clasp of his licentious arms. "And ye," he went on, lashing himself into fury as he continued,—"and ye churl Saxons, hence dogs and harlots to your kennels!"

No farther words were needed, for his orders were obeyed by his own men with the speed of light, and the Saxons overjoyed to escape on any terms, rushed in a confused mass out of the desecrated shrine, and fled in all directions, fearful of farther outrage. Meanwhile, despite the struggles of the youth, and the excommunicating anathemas which the priest showered upon their heads, the men-at-arms bound them securely to the oak trees, and then mounting their horses, sat laughing at their impotent resistance, while with a refinement of brutality worthy of actual fiends, Alberic de Maltravers bore the sweet wife clasped to his iron breast, up to the very face of her outraged, helpless husband, and tearing open all her jerkin, displayed to the broad light the whole of her white, panting bosom, and poured from his foul, fiery lips a flood of lustful kisses on her mouth, neck, and bosom, under the very eyes of his tortured victim. To what new outrage he might have next proceeded, must remain ever doubtful, for at this very instant the long and mellow blast of a clearly winded bugle came swelling through the forest succeeded by the bay of several bloodhounds, and the loud, ringing gallop of many fast approaching.

"Ha!" shouted he, "ten thousand curses on him; here comes de Mortemar. Quick—quick—away! Here, Raoul, take the girl, buckle her tight to your back with the sword-belt, and give me your two-handed blade; I lost my mace in the chapel!—That's right! quick! man—that's right—now, then, be off—ride for your life—straight to the castle; we will stop all pursuit. Fare thee well, sweet one, for a while—we will conclude hereafter what we have now commenced so fairly!"

And as he spoke, he also mounted his strong charger, and while the man, Raoul, dashed his spurs rowel-deep into his horse's flanks, and went off at a thundering gallop, the other four followed him at a slower pace, leaving the Saxons in redoubled anguish—redoubled by the near hope of rescue.

But for once villany was not permitted to escape due retribution, for ere the men-at-arms, who led the flight, had crossed the little bridge, a gallant train came up at a light canter from the wood, twenty or thirty archers, all with their long bows bent, and their arrows notched and ready, with twice as many foresters on foot, with hounds of every kind, in slips and leashes, and at their head a man of as noble presence as ever graced a court or reined a charger. He was clad in a plain hunting frock of forest green, with a black velvet bonnet and a heron's plume, and wore no other weapon but a light hunting sword—but close behind him rode two pages, bearing his knightly lance with its long pennon, his blazoned shield, and his two-handed broadsword. It was that brave and noble Norman, Sir Hugh de Mortemar. His quick eye in an instant took in the whole of the confused scene before him, and understood it on the instant.

"Alberic de Maltravers!" he cried, in a voice clear and loud as the call of a silver trumpet, "before God he shall rue it," and with the words he snatched his lance from the page, and dashing spurs into his splendid Spanish charger, thundered his orders out with the rapid rush of a winter's torrent. "Bend your bows, archers,—draw home your arrows to the head! stand, thou foul ravisher, dishonored Norman, false gentleman, and recreant knight! Stand on the instant, or we shoot! Cut loose the yeoman from the tree, ye varlets, and the good priest. Randal cast loose the bloodhounds down to the bridge across yon knoll, and lay them on the track of that flying scoundrel. Ha! they will meet us."

And so in truth they did, for seeing that he could not escape the deadly archery, Alberic de Maltravers wheeled short on his pursuers, and shouted his war-cry—"Saint Paul for Alberic!—false knight and liar in your throat. Saint Paul! Saint Paul! charge home,"—and with the words the steel-clad men-at-arms drove on, expecting by the weight of their harness to ride down and scatter the light archery like chaff. Unarmed although he was, De Mortemar paused not—not for a moment!—but galloped in his green doublet as gallantly upon his foe as though he had been sheathed in steel. He had but one advantage—but one hope!—to bear his iron-clad opponent down at the lance point, without closing—on! they come, on!—Maltravers swinging his two-handed sword aloft, and trusting in his mail to turn the lance's point—de Mortemar with his long spear in rest—"Saint Paul! Saint Paul!"—they met; the dust surged up in a dense cloud; the very earth appeared to shake beneath their feet!—but not a moment was the conflict doubtful.—Deep! deep! through his linked mail, and through his leathern jerkin, and through his writhing flesh, the grinded spear head drove into his bosom, and came out at his back, the ash staff breaking in the wound. Down he went, horse and man!—and down, at one close volley of the grey goose shafts, down went his three companions!—one shot clear through the brain by an unerring shaft—the others stunned and bruised, their horses both slain under them. "Secure them," shouted Hugh, "bind them both hand and foot, and follow,"—and he paused not to look upon his slain assailant, but galloped down the hill, followed by half his train, the bloodhounds giving tongue fiercely, and already gaining on the fugitive. It was a fearful race, but quickly over!—for though the man-at-arms spurred desperately on, his heavy Norman horse, oppressed, moreover, by his double load, had not a chance in competing with the proud Andalusian of de Mortemar. Desperately he spurred on—but now the savage hounds were up with him—they rushed full at the horse's throat and bore him to the earth—another moment, Raoul was a bound captive, and Marian, rescued by her liege lord, and wrapt in his own mantle, was clasped in the fond arms of her husband!

"How now, good priest," exclaimed Sir Hugh, are these two now fast wedded?"

"As fast, fair sire, as the holy rites may wed them."

"Then ring me, thou knave, Ringan, a death peal! Thou, Gilbert, and thou, Launcelot, make me three halters, quick—nay! four—the dead knight shall swing, as his villainy well merits, besides the living knaves!—Sing me a death chant, priest, for these are judged to death, unhouselled and unshriven!"

Not a word did the ruffians answer, they knew that prayer was useless, and with dark frowning brows, and dauntless bearing, they met their fate, impenitent and fearless. For Marian begged their lives in vain. De Mortemar was pitiless in his just wrath! And the spurs were hacked from the heels of the dead knight, and the base halter twisted round his cold neck, and his dishonored corpse hung upon the very tree to which he had bade bind the Saxon bridegroom. And the death peals were rung, and the death hymn was chaunted; and ere the sounds of either had died away in the forest echoes, the three maraunders writhed out their villain souls in the mild air, and swung three grim and ghastly monuments of a foul crime and fearful retribution—and this dread rite consummated the Saxon's bridal!

NEWSPAPERS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.—Paris has now upwards of 27 daily papers, the average sale of which exceeds 90,000 per diem, while London has only nine daily papers, with a sale of about 45,000 per diem. No sufficient data exist for computing, with any degree of accuracy, the number of copies of newspapers at present annually circulated in the United States, but it probably does not fall far short of 100,000,000. (The total number of papers issued in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1837, was only 47,248,000.) The weekly issues of the British press of Lower Canada, 29,000; those of the French press 8000. The earliest Spanish newspaper was published about the commencement of the eighteenth century. In 1800 only two political newspapers were published; and but a few years ago, only twelve newspapers for a population of 12,000,000. There are about twenty newspapers and daily journals in Portugal, and one at the Azores. The whole number of journals in Italy exceeds 200. Few of the existing papers date back further than the commencement of the present century. The Greeks publish 9: 4 at Athens, 1 at Napoli, 2 at Hydra, and 2 at Missilonghi. The Government *Gazette* of Corfu is the only journal published in the Ionian Islands. There are about a dozen periodicals in Malta, most of them weekly. At Gibraltar, a Government paper, of a very diminutive size, is published daily. The journals published at Constantinople, in January, 1841, were the *Tugrim Vakia*, a Government paper, and the Djerédei Havadis, in vulgar Turkish, containing general information. In the whole extent of Africa there are 14 journals. One has appeared at Algiers regularly since its possession by the French in 1830: 2 are published on the western coast, at the American colony of Liberia. There are 11 political newspapers at the Cape of Good Hope, half which are printed in English, and half in Dutch. An official Gazette was established in Persia, in 1838. It is lithographed. In Calcutta there are 6 English daily papers, 3 tri-weekly, 8 weekly, and 9 Hindustanee weekly. At Bombay there are 10 English periodicals issued semi-weekly, and 4 Hindustanee publications. Two weekly English papers were published at Canton, but are now removed to Macao.

London paper.

For The New-Yorker.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

"A hope is expressed by Pomponius Mela (and he wrote under Claudius) that by the success of the Roman arms, the island and its savage inhabitants would soon be better known. It is amusing to peruse such passages in the midst of London."
— *Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

LONELY the great historian sate
With calm and thoughtful soul,
As from the tales of perished men
He bade the Past unroll;
And there he saw his country termed
A savage isle, and lone,
In records of a nation dead,
An age for ever gone,
When Learning, Wealth, and Power, and Fame,
Were clustering round the Roman name.

And London's busy din grew faint,
And strange upon his ear,
And he heard the heavy, measured tread
Of the Roman legions near.
The Druid's altar, rough and rude,
Again before him stood;
And the savage hunter roamed along
The dark and pathless wood.
A moment swept the dream away
Of Druid shrine, and Roman sway.

Of the Roman's marble home,
Ruin stern empire keeps;
Over the Roman heart of yore,
The Muse of History weeps.
Italia's glorious skies are yet
Bright with their olden smile:
But the light of Mind hath left her shore
For that barbarian isle;
And Tiber's moaning waters flow,
Where Sage, and Hero slumber low.

Could that majestic mind be filled
With thoughts of scornful mirth,
As it beheld how frail a hold
Hath all the pride of Earth;
How empires rise, yet 'mid their strength
Bear seeds of swift decay;
How conquest feeds the sapping worm
That eats their life away;
And Time breathes darkly on the fame,
That brightened once each haughty name?

Athena—Egypt—what are they?
Pale phantoms of the Past;
Relics of Grandeur rent away—
Of Power that could not last;
And the ancient forests of the West
Enshroud the mighty bones
Of giant nations sunk in death,
Whose names no record owns;
And History's voice is but a wail
O'er thrones that fled like fairy-tale.

'T is sad to see how Glory's star,
Its restless radiance turns
Far from those regions where its ray
In early splendor burns;
And the mind stands awed, as one by one,
They gleam in dazzling light,
Then slowly, surely, fade away,
In ten-fold deeper night;
And feels in God's stupendous plan,
How small a thing is mortal man.

Lowell, Mass., 1841.

From the Democratic Review for September.

A Voyage Across the Atlantic.

BY MISS SEDGEWICK.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

SIR—As you have done me the honor to publish pretty copious extracts from my journalizing letters about to be published by the Messrs. Harpers, I send to you a letter written at sea, not included in that collection. C. M. S.

ON BOARD THE ST. JAMES, BOUND TO LONDON,
May 6th, 1839.

Well, my dear C——, did we not save one happy day from the chances of life by not sailing on the first? And we have lived through the parting with you and all the dear friends that came to the Hook with us! Who can tell the thoughts that are compressed into minutes when a life's-love is in every beat of the heart? We talked cheerfully and laughed at M.'s lame joke, when he told me, jesting at our little home-stream, that he hoped I should find his sister's House-a-tonic—but the sounds struck upon faint, unanswering hearts. The parting (passing?) bell found us in the midst of our claret and crackers, and deprived poor—— of his more solid lunch of ham and tongue, a raw material of feeling as well as ideas, so pray do not blame him if he did not seem suitably sad afterward.

Never shall I forget the group of faces in your steamer. The little thing rose above and sank below the deck of our ship, and those blanched cheeks and glowing eyes seemed to speak from another world. I doubt if the last parting will be harder to me than this, for then sense will be dulled, and feeling abated, and faith in another world stronger, I trust, than my hopes of the Old World, to which we are going.

How suddenly you glided away from us! How strangely the parting cheering broke upon the suppressed sobs around me! Every voice in our noble ship that could speak, replied to you. Do you remember the beautiful flowers that Madame C. gave me? "You will treasure them," said F., "long after they have faded, because they have grown in your home-earth." I put them in water and had them carefully placed, and yesterday, being tolerably recovered from my sea-sickness, I for the first time inquired for them. Of course they were gone—gone to deck the mermaids perhaps. So much for sentiment *versus* sensation.

I resisted the fast-coming malady for an hour after we parted. A light fair breeze sprang up. I sat down on the threshold of the round-house, and resolved to observe B.'s "dressing of the ship." Venus was not attired by the Graces with more enthusiasm, but my dull eye saw neither form nor comeliness, and I very soon followed those who, one by one, had dropped away wretched enough into their berths, and there we stayed for three oblivious days.

After all there is a compensation in this sea-sickness, that seems to me not to have been sufficiently considered. It comes at the right moments. It is an opiate for the aching heart, for home-sickness, for all mental and moral ills; it is even potent against fear, for the magnificent dangers of the "great and wide sea" occurred to me yesterday, coward as I am, for the first time; and then, *when it is over* (as it is to most persons in three or four days,) there is such a re-action of spirits, such a cheerful sense of escape and recovery, as to make you quite tolerant of all lesser sea-discomforts. It is a dark Lethean gulf between shore and sea-life, and once over, sea-pleasures, such as they are, begin.

We are fortunate in the officers of our ship. Captain S—— is an able seamen on deck, a quiet gentleman in the cabin—as to that, every where and at all times a gentleman. This is the first voyage he has made under the new regime of having no wine on the table but what is called for, and he says the quiet and comfort resulting from it are inestimable. Nothing could be more grossly unjust than the old system, when ladies, invalids, and abstinents of all sorts, were obliged to pay for those who sat from three o'clock till ten, guzzling down liquors of every kind or quality. Nor was this the worst of it. Few people are content to pay for nothing, and many who were temperate at home, tried at sea to drink their money's worth; and before the voyage was ended, there was much ill blood stirred, and many headaches and some fevers generated.

Every thing is well ordered in Captain S.'s ship. The seamen have no liquor except on extraordinary occasions. They are required to be quiet, to tread the deck softly, and during the morning watch, in *slippers;* to use decent and civil language, and to call one another by their names, the universal soubriquet of "Jack," and "I say, you," being forbidden, for, as our mate, B., says, they are men, and have names, and should be treated like men.

B. in truth sails the ship. He has the entire confidence of every person on board, from the captain down to the most doubtful-minded—you may guess who that is. He should not be second in any ship.* He has all the virtues of a seaman, and a face befitting them—a mouth with the most resolute and stern expression on deck, and the most winning smile in the cabin. There is the second mate just coming across the deck, the son of a rich Hamburgh merchant, with a face that a painter would choose if he would command your sympathies for a young sea-farer; and here is our steward, with a face befitting the steward of a benevolent society—and here, too, is our stewardess, an English woman of forty-five, with such shining hair and teeth, as I think, none but an English-woman of forty-five could show. Surely our commander is a fancier of faces!

An interruption, a racing across the deck—"A souffleur! a souffleur!" screams Madame P.—"A baleno!" shouts Francois, and "a dolphin! a dolphin!" cry half a dozen voices. I rush with Francois' aid to the bulwarks, and see ——a porpoise.

"Plenty of porpoises on the sea!" cries ——, with his disagreeable cynical laugh.

"I am sorry for your disappointment!" said a kindly voice. I looked up into the faces of these two men, wondering if Heaven had infused the sweet and bitter into their dispositions in such different proportions, or if a man by his own determination could make his heart a fountain of good will. The experiment is worth trying.

We have some forty steerage passengers. Their quarters are divided from ours by a sail-cloth, which invidious barrier they may not pass. They are, for the most part, malcontent English, who, having been lured to the United States by dreams of an Eldorado, are disappointed to find that the universal law is in force there—Providence's stern decree, that prosperity must be paid for in the old-fashioned coin of industry and its kindred virtues. We have tried to stir up a spirit of mutual kindness with these people, making the first advances by giving apples and raisins to their children, but they do not meet us half-way. They are both shy and surly; and I observe in them what I have often observed in English people of their condition, an uncertainty as to their relative position, and an unquietness that is ready to break forth into presumption and insolence. The artificial distinctions in which they were bred have ceased—the forms and words by which they expressed deference are disused—the harness is taken off, the blinders removed, and they are in possession of a liberty to which they are unaccustomed, and are in the midst of objects which they have never measured and do not understand. Our people, not fenced out with briar hedges, not trained to a proscriptive and unmeaning civility, learn to measure themselves with others, and to respect natural elevations and real distinctions We all agree to dispense with certain forms of European civilization, but I doubt if in your whole life you have been half-a-dozen times treated with premeditated disrespect by your inferiors in condition. There is one old pair among the steerage passengers who are quite an exception to the prevailing sulkiness. I have seen them whenever the weather has been tolerable, sitting placidly, and for the most part silently, together, seeming like people who have come to the last chapter of the book, have wound up its strong interests, and are but waiting for a foregone conclusion.

"You are old," said I to the good woman, who had been telling me a dismal story of the discomforts of the people in the steerage, "you are old to be crossing the Atlantic."

"Ah, indeed, ma'am, if it were for any thing but to go home."

"You are English?"

"Ah!" interposed the husband good-humoredly, "who would be any thing else that could help it?"

"You should not say that," replied his wife meekly, "since our children have chosen America for them and theirs."

"Well, and to say the truth," he resumed, "it is a fine country for the young, but it is not old England."

"It is not our *home*, you should say," replied his wife in an apologetic tone, and looking at me.

"We all allow," I said, "there is no place like home."

"True, ma'm, we all say it; but to feel it one must cross the seas. Everybody wondered at us, but we could not get a contented feeling—the trees did not look natural—the rain on those new houses do n't sound as it did on the old thatched roof—the sun never seemed to rise or set in the right place."

"But you have left all your children there."

"Yes, and all married and doing well on nice farms in Ohio; they are busy with the world, we have done with it—and we want to go home and lie down in the church-yard where all our dead lie—where we are used to every thing, and every thing will look natural."

"And your children were willing?"

While we were talking with the old pair, there was a tall, haggard man, with uncombed hair and a death-like paleness, stalking up and down in the narrow and encumbered space on the forward deck, as if all the world were indeed a stage, and he the only player. I could find out nothing from his fellow-passengers, but that this had been the way of his going on ever since we embarked, that he is muttering to himself sleeping and waking—and that he drinks more than he eats.

Our gossip-stewardess has given me some further particulars of the man who excited my curiosity last evening. He is an Englishman, and has been a thriving carpenter in New York. He came on board in a fit of madness, compounded of jealousy and alcohol. This has, in a degree, subsided, but he is still incessantly murmuring something of his wrongs—at one moment swearing to return and murder his wife and her lover, and then remembering he has all his money with him, resolving, he will leave them, as the stewardess elegantly expresses it, "to starve it out together."

"Their love or their life, stewardess?"

"Their love—their love, ma'am—such love is short-lived, any way—but I think the poor man wrongs her and himself; it 's the delirium-tremens the poor fellow has, and that makes him conceit every thing. His wife followed him to the ship begging him to go home with her—an innocent pretty woman, and she sat on an old box on the end of the wharf, with her baby in her arms, and the tears streaming down her cheeks, looking most desolate-like—he swearing and stamping till the mate stopped him, and shut him down below.

Well, our Othello has finished his drama—not thrown himself into the sea, but the means whereby he lived, one hundred and twenty-five soverigns. This our stewardess considers a far more unquestionable proof of madness than a felo-de se. The poor fellow threw the money overboard last evening, and it has had the effect to sober him. He awoke this morning to a consciousness of his pennyless condition, and he begins to suspect he has been in a delusion about his wife. The passengers are all astir with the incident. One might imagine a morning paper had come in. What outside creatures most men and most women are!—they live upon what is enacted; the world within, with its ever-evolving and inscrutable mysteries, has nothing novel or curious for them.

Oh, ye dear friends, who "live at home at ease"—whose senses unlock in the morning to the singing of spring birds—to the crowing of cocks and the cackling of hens—to the stroke of the gardener's hoe in the upturning earth—to all cheerful domestic sounds; who look out upon the waving trees, and bursting blossoms, and inhale earth's sweetest odors—oh, think of us wretches waked to the swashing of the water on the side of the ship almost into our ears, who see the blessed light of the day only through the little glass

*He has since been made captain of a packet.

eye of our state-room, and for the music of nature, the many voices of the glad earth, hear the "swabbing" of the decks, and for its sweetness have a congregation of pestilent odors that make us wish for the idols' noses "that smell not!"—Then comes the necessity of dressing, a most comfortless process in this confined air and with these odious ship-odors. Think of washing one hand while you hold on with the other, staggering from side to side amid waving towels and curtains; grasping comb and tooth-brush, and the tedious process lengthening as you go. But while I am worrying and fretting, K—— is sleeping as quietly as if an angel's wing were brooding over her. What matters it, whether on sea or land, while the wing plumed with health, youth, and cheerfulness, broods over us.

You should come to sea to know what a pleasant incident in every day's chapter is the breakfast—coming out from our little, dark, noisome dens to fresh air, cheerful faces, and cheerful voices. If Columbus is permitted to look down upon this Western ocean whose ways he opened, he must smile as he contrasts these floating hotels, and tables covered with the luxuries of every clime, with his little ship of two hundred tons burthen, and his salt and scanty fare. Here we have for breakfast, fowls, beef-steaks, hot-rolls, hot-cakes, stewed fruit, &c.; and for dinner, what have we not?

I have got far into the pleasant depths of a childhood friendship with a little girl in the steerage; and had a hearty greeting from one of the sailors, who having heard me say I was from Massachusetts, told me he was a Boston lad. We anchored upon "Father Taylor," and were friends at once. He likes, he says, "to tramp it over the world, but he does not mean to be a common sailor always." No Eastern man does, nor is long, as our mate says. He pronounces them the best seamen in the world: but says you cannot keep them before the mast—they will go a-head. Happy the country where this principle is sown at broad-cast, and takes such root as in ours. When we parted my compatriot promised to "pull the ropes for me." There are certain harmonies between human beings that may be brought out and are worth studying. God gives a natural touch and an ear for this music; but if the living instrument were studied but half as much as is a piano or a paltry guitar, excellent harmonies, that make glad the heart of man, would often burst forth.

Saturday, May 12th.—I have enjoyed two hours exquisitely, looking over the bulwarks, while the yesty waves are bounding and leaping round the ship, throwing off jets of jewels, images of beauty and joy. The girls have been singing and shouting, and we forget all sea-troubles. So far the sea has not been the scene of discomfort, ennui, and wretchedness it was described to us. We keep employed and good-natured.

Monday, 13th.—Saturday night we sat on deck till 12. Our singing trio were in their best voice, as their applauding public of some half-dozen thought; and when, at 12, our stewardess warned us to bed, and we bade the bright stars and bright mirror below them an unwilling good night, and parted in the expectation of passing the next evening in the light of the new moon. But Segod's decree of happy days was not more presumptuous than a mariner's promise of fair hours. Each hour has its individual, elemental character. In the morning the ship was pitching at such a rate that it was not without difficulty that we got into the round-house. Black, smoky clouds curtained the western horizon, and squally ones scudded before us, giving us blasts for greetings. Captain S—— will not let us call it a gale—nothing more than a gallant breeze. I have no aspirings to see any thing grander on the ocean; its sublimities have too much of the element of terror for my taste. The girls are standing at the bulwarks; Captain S—— assures me there is no danger, and they enjoy it all the more for the dashing they get, as we now and then ship a sea. Their merry shouts are a pleasant home-sound amid the roaring of the ocean. The poor steerage passengers are obliged to hide their heads in their dismal berths, as the water is dashing over the bowsprit.

The sailors are my constant admiration—their obedience, promptness, calmness, and intrepidity. When I see these men mounting in all this hurly-burly to the round-top, fearless as birds, and trundling the ropes on the right use of which our lives depend, as calmly as we, in our quiet homes, pull the threads of our sewing, I cannot but laugh at certain bold theories about the sexes. What may be in the future developements of society we know not—the possible is in the impenetrable obscurity of the future; but what a young lady embroidering a bell-rope, and what a sailor reefing a sail in a storm, *actually* are, we know. There are, it is true, some striking exceptions to the general destiny and character—that magnanimous creature, 'Grace Darling, for example.

Wednesday, 15th.—We have just been speaking an English ship from Barbadoes, which lay to, awaiting us. It is a stirring scene on the lonely track, when you seem cut off from the human race, suddenly to come upon fellow-beings, with wants, projects, sympathies answering to your own, as face to face—to see and hear them for an instant, and then to part for ever!

The passengers were all on deck, B—— manœuvring the ship, and Captain S—— exchanging greetings through the speaking trumpet, when I felt my gown grasped, and, turning round, saw little Sarah L's nurse, pale and panic-struck. "Thank the Almighty!" she exclaimed, "we are safe. I thought they were pirates. I heard the word from them, 'You must give up!'" B——, laughing, exclaimed, "Pirates!—they have one red cap on the starboard quarter, one monkey, two perroquetts, three oranges, and no bananas!" A harmless equipage, truly!—but I am the last person that should scorn groundless fear.

Thursday, 6th.—Last night appeared "the Northern Lights," the first number of our paper, with a capital caricature vignette by one of our artists. M—— is the editor: it was read aloud, and what with the writers for our audience, the reader's piquant emphasis and flashing eyes, and an atmosphere of *amour propre*, it went off charmingly. Afterward, our three musicians fell to their guitars and songs, while a merry set of our messmates formed themselves into a gallery audience, stood at the skylight, and showered down applauses, encores, and prunes, on our performers. So you see our ship-life is not so dismal as you may imagine.

For the New-Yorker.

A CONTRAST.

Beside the Hudson's tranquil sleep
One calm Autumnal eve I strayed,
And marked the dews on branches weep
Where roses once their harem made.
They were not as the faithful are,
But pure those tears by Nature given
From the evening till the morning star
Leads in the first warm beams of heaven!
"How like," I thought, "you matchless rose
To the sad spirit, in that hour
In which Life, like that sunset, goes,
And sheds the penitential shower.
But, joy of joys unheard, untold,
When night-winds shall those blossoms sever,
No sun *their* leaves can re-unfold,
While *souls*, once freed, shall live for ever."

New-York, Aug. 24, 1841. J. AUGUSTUS SHEA.

MR. QUICK AND HIS SPOILED CHILD.

'Oh Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure had'st thou?'

Mr. Quick ('*Little* Quick') had also a 'treasure,' namely, '*one fair daughter, the which he loved passing well*'—*too* well! It followed, then, that she was in infancy so humored, petted, and 'spoiled,' that in comparison with her wild and whimsical desires the famed requisition of the 'top tile of the chimney' was a moderate and justifiable demand.

One day, a friend 'dropping in' upon Mr. and Mrs. Quick at their dinner-hour, found these fond parents and their 'treasure' already seated at table, although the dishes were yet uncovered. The hospitable couple insisted on their friend's participation of their homely meal; and he, in compliance with their wish, took the fourth side of the board, immediately opposite to the young *mistress of the house* (then about six years of age,) who, by right of custom and her own sovereign will, chose, day by day, whatever position caprice or local speculations, connected with certain edibles, pointed out to be most desirable; and there the high chair of the little despot was ordered to be placed. On the present occasion, having forestalled her dinner by eating a lump of cake, which had palled her appetite, and rendered the present meal an unwelcome superfluity, the *little dear* was seated next to her doting father, as a mere looker on.

The main dish upon the table, when uncovered, excited the curiosity of Miss Quick, who either had not seen the joint before, or had forgotten the name of it, which she now eagerly demanded; and upon being told that it was a saddle of mutton, she stood up, and promptly announced her intention to ride upon it forthwith. To this preposterous recreation the parents were fain to entreat the little imp's forbearance. In vain; for she declared saddles were made to ride upon, and to ride she was resolved. After much ado, her patient father and mother luckily suggested that the obvious heat of the seat she aspired to, and the inconvenience likely to arise from such exercise, would distress her, and spoil her new frock, the difficulty seemed surmounted, and the child desisted from farther importunity; but immediately after, perceiving the dish almost overflowing with the juice of the mutton, she cried out, "Oh, let me put my foot in the gravy! I *will* put my foot in the gravy!" The father, albeit not unused to such eccentric fancies, was a *little* startled at his *sweet pet's* novel desire, and exclaimed in a tone of assumed wonder and of deprecation, "My *precious love!* what a preposterous thing you propose! it's quite out of the question. Now *be* a *dear, good* child, and let me help Mr. —— to some mutton." "Oh!" reiterated the little *treasure*, I *will* put my feet in the gravy *first!*" In vain the devoted parents argued, threatened, and coaxed; in vain promised that the *next* day, when they were without a visiter, she should do whatever she pleased; all, all in vain! for upon a more determined opposition, the *sweet little angel* yelled out her wishes in such a piercing key, that her mother, a very mild-mannered person, addressed her husband, "My dear Mr. Quick, I'm afraid we shall have no peace until we allow the dear child to do as she likes." "Well, but my love," urged Mr. Quick, in reply, a little ashamed of their mutual weakness before their guest, "what will Mr. —— say to such a proceeding? It is really *so improper*." Mr. —— willing to see to what extreme parental folly could go, withheld both his opinion and permission, preferring a state of neutrality: and Mr. Quick, finding the little tyrant's determination warmer every minute, and the mutton cooler, proposed a compromise, namely, that the *little darling* should have another dish brought in, and placed in a corner of the room with some of the gravy in it, and then paddle about whilst themselves and friend were at dinner, and return to table when the fruit came in. No: the 'treasure,' at the very top of her voice, once more declared that she *would* have the *dish*, and nothing *but* the dish, before her; and further, that she would not abate one drop of the gravy. At this perplexing juncture, Quick turned toward his friend, in apology for the scene before him, assuring him at the same time, that "it was of no use to thwart the dear child, who *would* have her way." Then calling for another dish, the poor father placed the shivering saddle upon it, and lifting that from the table containing the gravy, carried it to a remote corner of the room, where he was followed by the 'little duck:' who, after a persuading kiss from the goose, her father, consented to have her shoes removed, and to remain splashing about until the dessert appeared upon table. When the little nuisance graciously allowed her foot-bath to be taken away, she reascended her high chair, and there further showed how hateful lovely infancy may become from improper indulgence, by pushing about and knocking down whatever was offered that she did not approve. Screaming forth her preference she at length declared in favor of a large pear, the largest in the dish, upon which she had placed her affections. Mrs Quick, unwilling to incur by fresh denial another contest with her powerful superior, with prompt kindness smilingly placed the coveted pear upon her daughter's plate; when to the alarm of the beholders, the little fury threw it back upon her mother with all the ferocity of a full-grown termagant, exclaiming, as she did so, "*Why* did you *give* it to *me*? I wanted to *snatch* it!"

Mr. Quick himself related this story to the person now telling it, at the same time congratulating himself that his child had grown into a sensible, rational woman, notwithstanding her parents' early endeavors to make her a fool.

'Anecdotes of Actors,' in Fraser's Magazine for August.

GOSSIPPING.

These are the spiders of society;
They weave their petty webs of lies and sneers,
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil.
The web seems fair, and glitters in the sun,
And the poor victim winds him in the toil
Before he dreams of danger or of death.
Alas, the misery that such inflict!
A word, a look, have power to wring the heart,
And leave it struggling in the net
Spread by the false and cruel, who delight
In the ingenious torment they contrive. L. E. L.

LITERATURE is apt to form a dangerous and discontented occupation, even for the amateur. But for him whose rank and worldly comfort depend upon it, who does not live to write, but writes to live, its difficulties and perils are fearfully increased. Few spectacles are more afflicting than that of such a man, so gifted and so fated, so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life, the buffetings of which he is so little able to endure. Cherishing, it may be, the loftiest thoughts, and clogged with the meanest wants; of pure and holy purposes; yet ever driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity, or the impulse of passion; hovering between the empyrean of his fancy and the squalid desert of reality; cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions; dissatisfied with his best performances, disgusted with his fortune, this man of letters too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery; harassed, chagrined, debased, or maddened; the victim at once of tragedy and farce; the last forlorn outpost in the war of mind against matter. Many are the noble souls that have perished bitterly, with their tasks unfinished, under these corroding woes; some in utter famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Collins; some, like Chatterton, have sought out a more stern quietus, and turning their indignant steps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that strong fortress where poverty, and cold neglect, and the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to, could not reach them any more. Carlyle.

RICH SNAKE STORY.—We find in the Danville Pa. Democrat a capital snake story, whether true or not. The man in Michigan, however, who killed *six cords* of rattle-snakes before breakfast did a better business it must be confessed than Messrs. Breech and Moyer.—But hear the Democrat:

Some time since a couple of gentlemen of Catawissa, named Isaac Breech and Jacob B. Moyer, made a short excursion to the Catawissa mountain, and while gathering some huckleberries, they aroused a rattle-snake, which afterwards proved to be nearly three feet in length, having 19 rattles.—While they were in the act of killing the monster, he gave the usual sign with his rattle; in a moment the whole neighborhood responded to the call, and on looking around they found themselves to be in the midst of a den of rattle-snakes, all ready for the contest. Nothing daunted, however, they commenced the work of destruction, and in a short time cleared the field, having killed 29 rattle-snakes, varying in size from three feet to one half, and having rattles from 19 down to three. Among them was a very large cobra-capello, commonly called copperhead, which is particularly feared for its venomous bite. A remarkable circumstance is that every one of the reptiles was blind, which, it is said, is always the case in the month of August.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1841.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE NEW-YORKER.

The undersigned respectfully announces that the publication of THE NEW-YORKER, under that title, will cease with its next number, being the last of the Eleventh Quarto volume, and be succeeded on the Saturday following by the first number of THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE, a much larger, more spirited, and we trust to a majority of our readers more attractive journal. It will be conducted by him who has throughout been Editor of the New-Yorker, ably assisted in its Literary, Commercial, and News Departments. It will appear in a Quarto form, (eight large pages to each number,) and be sent to each subscriber to the New-Yorker who shall not intimate a wish that it be withheld. To our Folio subscribers it will be served for the full term of their advance payments; to the Quarto once and a half that term —that is, to all who have paid *six* months in advance, *nine* months, and so for a longer or shorter term.

Yet it is possible that some of our subscribers may dislike the Political cast of The Tribune and prefer a paper of a different character. To such we offer to send (by arrangement with its publisher) the popular and non-political mammoth paper 'THE NEW WORLD,' to the full amount of our indebtedness; and, if this alternative is not acceptable, we will cheerfully refund the money that may be due them. We trust that at any rate we shall part friends with those who now choose to leave us.

To those, if any, who may be disposed to murmur at the discontinuance of the NEW-YORKER, we have time this week but to say that, after seven and a half years unremitting toil in this paper, which has brought us more praise than pence, we have finally embarked in the conduct and publication of the NEW YORK TRIBUNE with flattering prospects and high hopes of success. A weekly issue of that paper is loudly called for by many friends; we can make a larger, in many respects better, paper at less expense than we can continue The New-Yorker without materially modifying its character; but above all, the change we contemplate will considerably diminish the incessant, out-wearying toil to which we have been subjected since we commenced The Tribune. Are not these considerations sufficient? Respectfully,

HORACE GREELEY.

Doings at Washington.—The main event of the past week in Congress has been the passage of the Land Distribution bill. It passed the Senate on Thursday of last week, as we announced in our last, by the decisive vote of 28 to 22. On being sent in to the House, it was passed, with the exception of some unessential provisions, which were promptly rescinded by the Senate. The second amendment of the Senate to the bill as it first passed the House, changing the ratio of distribution from the Federal representative number to the joint representation in the two Houses of Congress, was one of those rejected by the House and receded from in the Senate. The operation of this change will be to deprive the smaller States of an unjust advantage which they would have obtained over the larger, under the bill as passed by the Senate. The difference may be thus illustrated: Delaware, which sends to Congress two Senators and one Representative under the Senate's bill would have shared the lands with New-York in the proportion of 3 to 42; now the ratio is as 1 to 40. The amendment of the Senate providing to suspend the operation of the bill whenever duties are laid on importations beyond 20 per cent. on their value, was adopted by the House. There is no doubt that the bill will receive the signature of the President.

No decisive action had been had at our latest advices in the Senate upon the Fiscal Corporation Bill, which passed the House. It is quite generally expected that it will be definitively acted upon, however, at the present Session. Mr. Clay and other leading Whig Senators, have declared themselves decidedly in favor of disposing of it immediately. The apprehension that it will be vetoed is very general, although we cannot see precisely the grounds on which it is founded. There is no doubt that strong exertions will be made to bring about this result; whether they will be successful is at best a matter of but vague conjecture.

The nomination of Hon. Edward Everett as Ambassador to England, has not been voted upon in the Senate. It is stated that the ostensible reason for opposing his confirmation is that there are many important questions touching the interests of Slavery remaining unsettled with Great Britain and that it is a matter of the highest moment that the one selected to conduct the negociation on this subject on the part of the United States be free from the slightest taint of Anti-Slavery principles.

Nothing is known as to when Congress will adjourn. Mr. Buchanan on Tuesday intimated a hope that it would do so on Monday next, but this is quite unlikely.

ILLINOIS.—The Springfield 'Illinois Register' of the 20th contains the official returns of votes cast for Congress at the late Election in the First and Second Districts of that State. They are as follows:

FIRST DISTRICT.	1841.		1840.	
Counties.	Reynolds, *Op.*	Webb, *W.*	Van Buren.	Harrison
Alexander	248	262	424	299
Bond	312	426	551	513
Clinton	302	258	417	326
Franklin	452	60	542	71
Gallatin	920	272	1286	500
Hardin	115	90	132	154
Jackson	276	150	337	210
Johnson	271	64	440	109
Macoupin	664	530	812	632
Madison	695	1102	1184	1704
Monroe	382	325	563	370
Perry	294	103	331	174
Pope	80	160	268	391
Randolph	601	587	817	715
St. Clair	1039	619	1783	989
Union	532	33	636	78
Washington	411	120	493	149
Williamson	410	111	578	103
Total	8004	5267	11,594	7427

Reynolds's maj, 2,734. V. Buren's do., 4,107.

Scattering, 167 for S. R. Rowan, 7 for W. S. Gilman.

SECOND DISTRICT.	1841.		1840.	
	Anderson, *Op.*	Casey, *W.*	V. B.	Har.
Clay	130	275	338	218
Clark	399	653	611	667
Champaign	101	105	141	154
Coles	399	830	695	1109
Crawford	309	344	392	421
Edgar	515	434	720	783
Edwards	77	168	212	311
Effingham	190	119	207	52
Fayette	450	434	645	442
Hamilton	407	146	557	126
Iroquois	69	00	175	154
Jasper	167	81	178	78
Jefferson	550	264	727	210
Lawrence	472	528	597	676
Marion	371	236	573	174
Montgomery	340	275	520	311
Richland	27	56	New county.	
Shelby	567	370	751	408
Vermillion	376	619	587	1044
Wabash	166	322	254	509
Wayne	361	209	500	205
White	429	603	639	770
Total	6872	7071	10,019	8822

Majority—Casey, 199. V. Buren, 1,197.

From the Third District our returns are not complete, but Mr. Stuart's majority will hardly vary 100 either way from 2000. F. Collins, Abolition, has 424 votes in the District.

KENTUCKY.—The Frankfort Commonwealth states that the House of Representatives in that State will contain 77 Whigs and 23 Loco Focos, and the Senate will be composed of 29 supporters and 9 opponents of the Administration, thus giving a clear Whig Majority on joint ballot of 74.

IOWA.—Augustus C. Dodge, Opp. has about 600 majority for Congressional Delegate over Alfred Rich, Whig. We believe this is less than last year. The new House stands 10 Opp., 9 Whig; one to hear from.

☞ We have seen this confounded with the election in Wiskonsin, which takes place on the fourth Monday in September. There Gen. Henry Dodge (father of A. C.) is the Opp. and J. E. Arnold the Whig candidate.

☞ Hon. DAVID O. SHATTUCK, Whig candidate for Governor of Mississippi, has resigned his Judgeship, and Gov. McNutt has appointed Hon. FRANKLIN E. PLUMMER to the place. Judge Shattuck is a Methodist preacher; Mr. Plummer went to Mississippi a Yankee-schoolmaster, and has since been a Member of Congress.

☞ The Abolitionists of Vermont, since the declension of Hon. C. K. Williams, their first nominee for Governor, have formed a new ticket: Titus Hutchinson for Governor, Alva Sabin for Lieut. Governor, and Harry Hale for Treasurer. Mr. Hutchinson was District Attorney under Madison and since Chief Justice of the State; Mr. Sabin is a Baptist Clergyman.

☞ We hear that Gen. BIRD of Black Rock has been appointed Collector for the Port of Buffalo, and Dr. FOOTE, of the Commercial, Postmaster for that city.

☞ The Chronicle, published at Whitehall in this State, and the Freeman, at Columbus, Ohio, have hoisted the flag for Henry Clay for next President of the United States.

☞ The Senate and Supreme Court of this State, acting as a Court for the Correction of Errors, closed their sitting at Buffalo on Thursday, the 26th, adjourning to meet in Albany on the first Saturday in October next.

☞ If we are correctly informed no appointment of Inspector General of Sole Leather for this City has been made. The Governor made a nomination, but it was not acted on by the Senate.

☞ Dr. W. P. C. BARTON, U. S. N., has been appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, Attending Surgeon of the United States Naval Asylum at Philadelphia.

☞ Hon. William Scott has been appointed by the Governor Judge of the Supreme Court in Missouri, and John W. Morrow, Judge of the First Judicial Circuit, in his place.

☞ The President has officially recognised JONATHAN M. WRIGHT as Vice Consul of Brazil for the port of Philadelphia.

☞ The President has officially recognized Auguste Branda Vice Consul of Belgium for the port of Norfolk, Va.

☞ Hon. HENRY L. PINCKNEY has been nominated for Mayor of Charleston, S. C.

☞ JOSEPH GALES, Senior, father of Mr. Gales of the National Intelligencer, died at Raleigh, N. C. on the 24th, aged 80 years. He was born in Eckington, Derbyshire, England and in 1787 commenced the publication of the 'Sheffield Register.' Being persecuted by the Government for his Liberal principles, he fled to this country in 1794, and commenced the 'Independent Gazeteer' at Philadelphia. In 1799 he removed to North Carolina and established the Raleigh Register, which has ever since been a leading Democratic Whig Journal. He retired from the business a year or two since, resigning it to his youngest son. Mr. Gales has often represented his County in the Legislature.

DEATH OF AN HONORED CITIZEN.—The evening papers of Monday announced the death of JOHN ANDREW GRAHAM, LL. D., on Sunday last, aged 78 years. He was a native of Connecticut, practised Law first in Vermont, and afterwards in this city, where he has passed the last few years of his life in peaceful, honorable and dignified retirement. He was a man of high ability, of warm feelings and most deeply beloved by a wide circle of friends.

☞ Mr. S. M. GLENN, an influential citizen of Fort Gains, Ga. was killed on the 15th ult. by being thrown from his carriage.

THE IRON TRADE.—One of the soundest speeches made in Congress at its present Session is that by Gen. IRVIN, from the Huntingdon District, Pa., in favor of Protection for American Industry. Aside from the general character and scope of his argument, many of the statistics he adduced, especially those relating to the Iron Trade of his own section, were highly interesting. Within the limits of his District there are 33 furnaces, producing 24,931 tons of pig metal; 42 forges and rolling mills, producing some 20,000 tons blooms and bar metal, worth nearly a million and a half of dollars. The number of workmen employed is 3,072, most of whom have families. They consume annually 200,000 bushels of wheat, 400,000 bushels rye and corn, three million pounds of beef and pork, and other articles which would swell the value of the farmer's products annually consumed to at least $700,000. Then their necessary clothing, generally of northern manufacture, costs some $350,000, and their groceries, $150,000, making an amount of $1,200,000 scattered all over the country through the agency of these iron works of a single District. Now suppose this branch of manufacture to be well protected by a Tariff on foreign iron; does it need any great discernment to see that the capitalists who are its owners, are by no means the only persons benefitted by its operation?

NEW-YORK STATE CANALS.—There was received for tolls on all the Canals of this State, during the third week in August, 1841.....$57,401 07
For the same time in 1840..... 52,963 70
Excess in favor of 1841..... $4,437 37

Washington Correspondence.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 25.

In the Senate to-day, Mr. STURGEON presented a petition of the citizens of Pittsburg, for an exemption from duty of articles which enter into the manufacture of glass. Laid on the table.

Mr. CALHOUN presented the proceedings and resolutions of a meeting of citizens of Petersburg, Va., against a Protective Tariff and a National Bank, and approving the Veto of the President; also against Distribution, and expressing the hope of the veto of the bill for this purpose, if passed. Laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. TAPPAN moved to take up the resolution offered by him some days since for an adjournment of Congress on the 30th inst. The motion was negatived: Yeas 19; Nays 24.

The Select Committee appointed yesterday by the President of the Senate, to whom the Fiscal Corporation bill is to be referred, consists of the following Senators: Messrs. BERRIEN, EVANS, ARCHER, MOREHEAD and HUNTINGTON.

Mr. KING expressed his surprise in seeing this morning that not one of his party had been placed on that Committee. Such a case never before happened since he had been in Congress, except one. It was customary to appoint a majority of the Committee of friends of the measure, but *always* to have a portion of the other party also members. He therefore moved to add two members to this Committee, to be selected from the minority.

The PRESIDENT stated the facts of the case, and the reasons on which he had acted. One of those appointed had voted against the Bank bill. When the present bill was brought into the Senate, a proposition was made to postpone it indefinitely, and was sustained by 21. This he considered as evidence of deadly hostility to the measure, and none of those had been appointed on the Committee. He had acted according to a rule of Jefferson's Manual, which was that those opposed to particular features of a measure might be appointed on the Committee to consider it, but *none* who were entirely opposed.

Mr. BENTON complained of the composition of the Committee; they were all members of the same party, all friends of the measure, and the five junior members of the Senate. He then at some length related various anecdotes connected with this "corporosity,"—as the name would be, abbreviated, and considered it merely a renewal of Mr. Biddle's Bank.

After some farther conversation, Mr. KING withdrew his motion.

The Distribution and Pre-emption bill was taken up and debated during the day by Messrs. WOODBURY, SEVIER, WRIGHT, TAPPAN and WALKER in opposition, and by Messrs. ARCHER and WOODBRIDGE in its support. Mr. CUTHBERT expressed a desire to speak, and for this purpose, with the understanding that the question be taken on the bill to-morrow, the Senate adjourned.

In the HOUSE, the bill making appropriation for the relief of the Post-Office Department, was debated during the day, and besides the merits of the question, much miscellaneous and political matter was introduced. Messrs. STEENROD, LITTLEFIELD, HOPKINS, and GORDON opposed, and Messrs. BRIGGS and ARNOLD advocated the bill.

Mr. A. referred to, and condemned the Veto of the President, accusing him of treachery to his party, and alliance with the Opposition. There could not be found better stuff for a Loco-Foco, "than the *base, miserable* wretch" at the other end of the Avenue. He was then called to order by various members, and the Chairman decided it out of order to use so disrespectful terms in relation to the Chief Magistrate. Mr. A. said he had not spoken of the Chief Magistrate, but of *a* wretch; if Mr. Tyler's friends insisted on its application to him, they could thus construe it. Mr. A. appealed from the decision of the Chair, that he was out of order; he however withdrew it.

Mr. INGERSOLL renewed the appeal insisting that the President had no more privileges on this floor than any other citizen. He withdrew his appeal, and Mr. A. concluded, in the same strain, his remarks.

Mr. STANLY severely criticised the speech of Mr. Arnold, expressing his confidence in the President, in the harmony of the Cabinet and Whig party.

Mr. BOTTS referred to his letter published in the Madisonian a few days since. He contended that the Whig party was not responsible for that, but he alone, and he now repeated that the conduct of the President towards the Whig party was the basest and vilest treachery, and he would show that when the Veto to this 'Corporation' bill came—and it would come.

Mr. PROFFIT replied to Mr. STANLY, and complained that he had been abused by the Whig papers; particularly the New-York papers; he should not retreat from his ground, but gloried to be found in the Tyler ranks.

Mr. DAWSON of Ga. in his admirable manner, here interposed to 'throw oil on the waters of strife.' He would not denounce those who might differ with him in opinion, or exclude them from the party. He was a party man, but would not be tied hand and foot, and did not wish others to be. He hoped his friends would continue the same spirit of forbearanbe in minor points that had pervaded their ranks in their glorious and successful struggle, by which they had gained that honor, and still 'preserve union with difference.' Mr. D. is a straight-forward business and worthy man, and were his example imitated by other Whigs, instead of stopping to 'fall out by the way,' they would, by concert of action, unite in conformity with the call of the people, in perfecting the business of the Session, and bringing it soon to a close.

Mr. MARSHALL spoke at some length on the Veto, the President's course, &c., and expressing a belief that this 'Corporation' bill would *not* be vetoed.

Mr. WISE replied, taking opposite grounds to Mr. M., and treating of various matters of excitement, &c. foreign to the bill under consideration. The House then adj. ARGUS.

THURSDAY, August 26.

The Senate have to-day been occupied by discussion on the Distribution Bill, which was finally passed by a vote of 28 Yeas to 23 Nays, as follows:

YEAS.—Messrs. Archer, Barrow, Bates, Bayard, Berrien, Choate, Clay of Ky., Clayton, Dixon, Evans, Graham, Henderson, Huntington, Kerr, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Morehead, Phelps, Porter, Prentiss, Rives, Simmons, Smith of Ia., Southard, Tallmadge, White, Woodbridge—27.

NAYS.—Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Clay of Ala., Cuthbert, Fulton, King, McRoberts, Mouton, Nicholson, Pierce, *Preston*, Sevier, Smith of Conn., Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Williams, Woodbury, Wright, Young—23.

Messrs. CUTHBERT, MCROBERTS, PIERCE, BENTON, SEVIER, and LINN opposed the bill during the day, and Mr. RIVES briefly advocated it.

Mr. BENTON, at the conclusion of his remarks of more than an hour, moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to strike out its "bamboozling" pre-emption sections, (as he styled them,) and insert sections including the pre-emption and *graduation* principle. This motion was lost, by Yeas 22, Nays 29, (the vote being the same as above, except Mr. PRESTON's, who here voted in the negative.)

The bill was then passed, as above stated.

In the House of Representatives, the bill making appropriation for the relief of the Post Office Department, was taken up.

Mr. ANDREWS, of Ky. briefly advocated the bill. Mr. BOTTS, after reference to the political topics that had been introduced in the discussion, to his letter published in the Madisonian, the principles of which he avowed, stating his acceptance of the proposition made yesterday by Mr. CUSHING to discuss the conformity of the President's course with his professed principles, and that he would be ready to show and prove the treachery of the President to his party, briefly adverted to the merits of the bill in its support.

Mr. WATTERSON spoke with reference to Whig inconsistency, tyranny and proscription, and of the mildness of the Opposition, and their forbearance of the exercise of tyrannical power while the ascendant party.

The question was then taken, first being on the amendment of Mr. GILMER that the appropriation shall be accounted for by the Department, and be hereafter refunded to the Treasury, or be deducted from balances now due that Department from Government.

A motion of Mr. MCKAY to strike out this latter clause of the amendment was negatived. The original amendment was then adopted, and the bill having been passed in Committee, was reported to the House, where the amendment was concurred in, and the bill passed, by Yeas 127, Nays 46. It appropriates $497,657 to enable the Department to meet its dues to contractors and others.

The bill making an appropriation of $3,088,09 for the expenses of the funeral of William Henry Harrison, was taken up, and after some conversation as to one of the items, was amended so as to give the Auditor of the Treasury power to settle the just accounts; and then passed by a vote of 128 to 23.

The bill making appropriations of $2,600 for the freight from Italy, and for the erection in the Rotunda of the Capitol of Greenough's Statue of Washington, and also appropriating for the balance due for the execution of the work, was taken up and passed. The House then adjourned.

Thus the Land Bill, so long under discussion, has at length passed the Senate. It will be sent again to the House for its concurrence in the amendments. The Revenue bill will probably next be taken up. ARGUS.

FRIDAY, Aug. 27.

In the SENATE, the Revenue bill came up rather unexpectedly. The first question was on the amendment proposed by the Finance Committee, proposing to raise the duty on laces, jewelry, precious stones (when set,) watches and other manufactures of gold and silver from 12½ to 20 per cent.

Mr. CLAY of Ky. briefly explained and supported the amendment. Messrs. Wright, Calhoun, Smith of Conn. Woodbury and King opposed it. Mr. Allen supported it.—The question was taken, and the amendment prevailed: Yeas 41; Nays—Messrs. Calhoun, Henderson, King, Smith of Conn. and Wright—5. The Senate now went into Executive Session.

In the HOUSE, the Florida Volunteer bill came up, but was not acted on, and the bill providing for the purchase of sites for Fortifications was discussed some time to little purpose. Mr. Dawson of Ga. believed the State of New-York owed the United States $2,000,000 on Revolutionary account—Messrs. Ferris, Fillmore and others opposed this suggestion. Finally the bill was laid aside for the day.

A Message was received from the President, stating that he had signed the bill rechartering the Banks of the District of Columbia.

The Land bill came back from the Senate, with amendments. After a spirited running debate, it was referred to the Land Committee.

The bill making appropriations for the Diplomatic Service of the United States was debated at length and passed. Mr. Adams moved a resolution, cutting down the amount of such Diplomatic Service.

The bills providing for the repai of the Potomac Bridge and the repaving of Pennsylvania Avenue were severally considered and passed. Adjourned.

SATURDAY, August 28.

In Senate, to-day, Mr. CHOATE presented a petition of citizens of Boston, praying for the postponement of the operation of the new duty bill, and that merchandise actually shipped be exempted from its operation.

The bills from the House for the erection of Greenough's Statue of Washington in the Rotunda, for the outfits and salaries of Diplomatic Agents of Government, to carry out the treaty under the convention with Mexico, and the bill making an appropriation for the repair of the Potomac bridge, were received from the House, severally twice read, and appropriately referred.

The Fortification Bill was again taken up, and the amendments of the House agreed to—(appropriating $50,000 for the defence of Buffalo, by a vote of 26 to 18). The amendment of the Senate, appropriating $30,000 for South Western Surveys, and that appropriating $75,000 for the expense of purchasing the site for a Western, South Western, or North Western Armory, which were not agreed to by the House, were insisted on by the Senate—the latter by a vote of 24 to 19.

The Revenue bill was then taken up as in Committee of the Whole, and several slight amendments, after Committee, agreed to, exempting from the duty palm-leaf, sumac, bleaching powders and cream of tartar.

The bill was then passed over, and Mr. RIVES, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported the bill to carry into effect the treaty under the convention with Mexico, recommending a concurrence in the amendments of the House.

On motion of Mr. SEVIER, the bill to provide for the satisfaction of the outstanding Choctaw reservation, under the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, was taken up, and after some conversation, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. The Senate then adjourned.

The Tariff bill will be before the Senate next week, and will probably give rise to considerable debate. The 'Fiscal Corporation' bill is not yet reported from the Select Committee.

In the House of Representatives, the bill making an appropriation for the paving of Pennsylvania Avenue of Washington was lost: Yeas 69; Nays 103.

The bill to carry into effect the treaty with Mexico was taken up, and after brief discussion was passed.

The House then, at an early hour, adjourned. ARGUS.

MONDAY, August 30.

The Distribution bill has at length passed both houses of

Congress, and needs only the signature of the President to become a law! It was taken up to-day in the House for the purpose of concurring in the amendments of the Senate, all which were agreed to, except three apportioning the distribution among the States according to their Federal respective representation in the two houses of Congress. These were rejected. The amendment suspending the distribution whenever the rate of duty on imports shall exceed twenty per cent. was agreed to, by a vote of Yeas 108 to Nays 94.

Mr. EVERETT asked leave to offer a resolution that Congress ought not to adjourn till some measure is adopted for the safe keeping of the public revenue; and Mr. ATHERTON asked to offer a resolution for adjournment on Monday, 6th September, both of which were objected to.

Mr. WISE, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Navy for a list of Naval Officers who have for the last five years been on shore without leave, which was adopted unanimously.

The Fortification bill was taken up, and the House refused by Yeas 87, Nays 94, to agree to the amendment of the Senate, appropriating $30,000 for South-Western Surveys. Without taking the question on the other, appropriating $75,000 for the site of an Armory, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, Mr. ARCHER presented resolutions of a meeting of citizens of Orange county, Va. condemning the measures of the present session, and approving of the Veto of President Tyler.

Messrs. CLAY and SIMMONS presented petitions of citizens of Philadelphia for the exemption of bleaching powder from duty; which, with the resolutions presented by Mr. A., were laid on the table.

Mr. TAPPAN moved to take up the resolution for the adjournment of Congress, so that some time might be fixed on which they could calculate. The motion failed: Yeas 21, Nays 22. An adjournment cannot soon be expected, as Mr. CLAY to-day declared he would agree on no day till the Revenue and the Bank bills were decided on, if they remained here till Christmas.

Mr. KERR, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported the resolution for the distribution of the printed return of the Sixth Census, with a recommendation from the Committee that the amendment of the House be concurred in. This was done, and they provide for the printing of 20,000 copies of a compendium of the returns.

Mr. BERRIEN, from the Select Committee on that subject, reported the "FISCAL CORPORATION BILL," from the House, without amendment, and asked that it be made the special order for Wednesday.

The Revenue bill was then taken up, and Mr. BUCHANAN offered an amendment to repeal the act of 1832 exempting railroad iron from duty, and to subject it to the 20 per cent. duty, except that already imported. To this Mr. HUNTINGTON offered an amendment to exempt also from duty the railroad iron which shall be imported prior to December 1, 1841.

The amendments were debated about four hours; by Messrs. BUCHANAN, MILLER, HUNTINGTON, and others in support; and by Messrs. CALHOUN, CLAY of Ala., KING, CUTHBERT, BERRIEN, and others, in opposition, chiefly on the ground that the Southern States are now engaged with the completion of Railroads which they commenced under the law admitting the iron duty free; and that if this were now repealed, equal justice would not be given to them with the Northern States, which had mostly completed their Railroads under the operation of this law. The amendment of Mr. HUNTINGTON was adopted, and subsequently that vote was re-considered. No further question was taken.

The Distribution bill was then taken up, and on motion of Mr. SMITH of Ia., which was advocated by Messrs. SMITH, CLAY and DIXON, and opposed by Messrs. BENTON, FULTON, CALHOUN, CLAY of Ala. and TAPPAN, the amendments which were disagreed to by the House, were receded from, by a vote of 25 Yeas to 18 Nays.

Then Senate then adjourned. ARGUS.

TUESDAY, August 31.

In the House of Representatives to-day, Mr. FILLMORE, in reply to an inquiry of Mr. WOOD, stated that the Committee of Ways and Means had determined to make no farther appropriations at the present Session for the completion of the Custom-House at New-York.

The resolution on the McLeod case was taken up and Mr. BARNARD spoke his hour on the general subject, in defence of the course of Mr. WEBSTER, and maintaining that the affair connected with the burning of the Caroline being a trespass on our soil contrary to the treaty with Great Britain, was a matter between the two Governments. The resolution was laid over.

A bill to enlarge the Corporation of Georgetowe, reported by Mr. UNDERWOOD, from the Committee on the District of Columbia, twice read and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

The Fortification bill was again taken up, the question being on the amendment of the Senate, appropriating $75,000 for a site for a Western, North-Western, or South-Western Armory. Various Members spoke, designating almost as many different sites, each one insisting that his selection was the proper one. The House refused to concur in the amendment, and, on motion of Mr. SUMMERS of Va., adopted, by a vote of 120 Yeas to 42 Nays, an amendment appropriating for this purpose $5,000, the selection to be made by the President, and approved by Congress.

Mr. MORGAN moved a re-consideration of the vote refusing to concur in the Senate's amendment, appropriating $30,000 for South-Western Surveys. The motion failed: Yeas 80, Nays 86. A Committee of conference was then appointed, and the House adjourned.

The House, much in advance of the Senate, have almost entirely transacted their business, and are prepared for an adjournment whenever the Senate, progressing at the tardy pace which it cannot avoid, owing to the unwearied opposition of the minority at every step, shall have transacted their business. Mr. BUCHANAN to-day expressed his belief, as well as hope, that this would take place by Monday next; but it seems quite improbable.

In the Senate, Mr. MERRICK from the Committee on the District of Columbia, reported the House bill, making an appropriation for the funeral expenses of the late General Harrison; which was taken up, and passed without debate.

The bill making an appropriation for the relief of the Post Office Department, was reported by Mr. Henderson, taken up, and occupied the Senate during the day.

An amendment of the Committee applying $15,000 of the appropriation for the employ of 13 extra clerks for one year, and for stationery, to assist the Auditor in bringing up the arrearages of accounts, was adopted.

Much debate was elicited, and the Opposition with the exception of Messrs. BUCHANAN and WALKER, opposed the bill, as being an innovation on long established usage, contrary to the design of the Constitution, and contending that this Department stood alone and should receive no aid from the Treasury.

Mr. BENTON offered an amendment, as he professed, for the means of increasing the revenue, to deprive members of Congress, of the franking privilege during the recessess of Congress, ex-members for the nine months after the expiration of their service, and new members prior to their service.

The amendment was rejected, no question was taken on the bill, and the Senate adjourned. ARGUS.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

CHARLES S. TODD, of Kentucky, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.

DANIEL JENIFER, of Maryland, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria.

THOMAS B. POTTINGER, Marshal for the District of Maryland.

JOHN W. VANCE, Register of the Land Office at Danville, Illinois.

DUEL IN HIGH LIFE.—A duel was fought in Maryland on Thursday morning between two residents of this City, Mr. A. Belmont, agent of the Rothschilds, and Mr. Hayward growing out of a personal difficulty at Delmonico's in relation to a lady some few days since, in which Belmont was knocked down by Haywood. A challenge was the consequence and the parties met as before stated. Mr. Belmont received a ball in his thigh at the first fire, and is said to be dangerously wounded.

THE LAST CRUISE.—The Buffalonians are fitting up the barque Detroit, which was captured from the British in the last War and was condemned and laid up last season, for a Voyage over Niagara. She will be furnished with a crew of live animals, and will make the fearful launch on the 10th of September, the anniversary of the Victory which gave her into American hands. Several attempts of this kind have been made before; but it is expected that this will be far the most interesting exhibition of the kind that has ever taken place.

☞ A bold robbery was committed at the American Hotel, Buffalo, on the 26th. Several trunks were opened by false keys, and $500 stolen. Two men, G. W. Drake and D. O'Brien, were arrested on suspicion, but afterwards discharged.

COTTON AT THE SOUTH.—The Vicksburg Sentinel learns 'from all sections of the State of Mississippi that the drought has severely injured the Cotton and Corn. Six weeks ago the prospects for the planter were most flattering; now they are gloomy in the extreme. The stalk is exceedingly short, and the squares are falling off. Many of the best planters will not make one half a crop.'

A writer in the Star complains of the efforts that are made to impress the North with the belief that Cotton is poor this year. He says:

'Passing through the river Counties of Ga. to Montgomery, thence to Macon, Madison, and Augusta, the whole of which is a Cotton country, along the whole route the crops of Corn and Cotton are immense, and in the *best possible condition*. No contingency can arise, in my opinion, from this time forward, except an unusually early frost, to prevent a crop equal in quantity to those of '39, '40. It *may* be that the worms will cause some falling off should they commence their ravages; but the period of danger from this cause is now nearly past, and any reports of injury from this source should be received with the utmost caution. Drought cannot *now* affect it.

U. S. SILVER.—The United States Gazette states that the *first deposit of silver from a mine of the United States*, was made at the Mint in Philadelphia this week. It was from Davidson county, North Carolina, and it is believed that the mines there will prove very productive. The essay made at the Mint showed that 1000 parts of the bullion contained 973 of silver, and 8 of gold.

SUB-MARINE ARMOR.—An interesting experiment was made on Monday at the Navy Yard at Philadelphia with the Sub-marine apparatus, invented by Capt. Taylor. The Gunner of the Yard put on the armor and was lowered into the water; at first, although heavy weights had been fastened to his feet, he floated. Additional weight having been affixed he gently sunk below the surface, where he remained for six minutes and was drawn up perfectly dry. He declared that he was perfectly easy and could have remained there a week.

DEATHS IN NEW-YORK.—The City Inspector reports the deaths during last week of 35 Men, 34 Women, 56 Boys, and 65 Girls: in all 190. Of these 41 died of Cholera Infantum, 24 of Consumption, 3 Convulsions, 6 Diarrhœa, 12 Dropsies, 13 Dysentery, 11 Fevers, 27 Inflammation, 14 Marasmus, 2 Small Pox. 2 were over 90 years of age. 146 were natives of the U. States, 23 of Ireland, 17 of other countries, 5 unknown.

STATISTICS OF THE CITY PRISON.—During the past week there were received into the City Prison 120 white men, 65 white women, 25 black men, 14 black women—total, 224. Discharged in the same period, 116 white men, 49 white women, 17 black men, and 13 black women—total, 195. Died, 1. Remaining, 58 white men, 30 white women, 21 black men, 12 black women—total 121.

☞ We learn from the Philadelphia Chronicle that there is now living in Somerset County, Md. an old lady named Mrs. Elizabeth Cottingham, who was, according to the records of her family, one hundred and ten years of age last March. She can see to read without spectacles, and her mental faculties are sound.

☞ Persifor F. Smith and the others who were arrested at New-Orleans for having been engaged in the celebrated Bayou Lime-kiln expedition, have been discharged—the Grand Jury not finding a true bill against them.

SHAMEFUL CONDUCT.—We learn that on Saturday morning last, just after the Steamboat Kosciusko had left the dock at Dobbs's Ferry, Mr. Barney See of this City, in attempting to throw overboard a dog belonging to a gentleman on the dock, leaned his weight against the stern-rail, which, not being put up safely, gave way, precipitating him overboard. This accident took place in plain sight of the crew and passengers, and must have been instantly known to all on board, yet *the engine was not stopped*, and the boat proceeded on her way as though nothing had happened! Mr. See, who cannot swim, was picked up by a small row-boat after he had sunk twice, and when he was sinking for the last time. His wife and six young children were on board the steamboat, which brought them on to the City, in dreadful anxiety as to the fate of their husband and father. On being remonstrated with upon his unfeeling conduct, the Captain remarked that *if he had known the man had a family on board he would have stopped the boat!* We hear that this is not the first time a man has been left overboard by the Kosciusko. Comment on such inhuman conduct must be needless.

LATER FROM FLORIDA.—We are indebted to the Savannah Republican for slips containing letters of recent date from Florida. The intelligence contained in them, though not decisive, is on the whole encouraging. One of their correspondents, writing from Pilatka under date of August 17, warns us against believing that the war is at an end. Having recently traveled over them, he states that none of the principal roads can be passed without the most imminent danger. The band of Aleck Tustenuggee, in divided forces, haunts hammock and stream. On the 11th instant the express rider from Fort Russell to Pilatka was fired upon, and a citizen near Micanopy was attacked and killed by a band of Aleck, which alone, the writer says, separated as it is into fragments, would keep the Army in active operation for twelve months to come.

Letters of a later date announce that Aleck-Hadjo, the second Chief to the great Tustenuggee, was taken on the 13th instant by Lieut J. N. Anderson. He has promised to take the troops to his camp, which is on an island in Lake George, and afterward to the camp of Aleck Tustenuggee, which he says is on the opposite side of the St. Johns. Lieut. Anderson started on the 20th in quest of the savages. It is said, too, that Tigertail has sent word to the Commanding General that he will soon 'come in' with his troops,—not the first time he has made this promise. There is less sickness among the troops than there was some few weeks since, and the system of colonizing the citizens, who choose to come forward and receive a guaranty of protection from the troops and rations to enable them to form settlements on the hostile borders, is in progress. The St. Augustine News states that the Expedition to the Everglades returned thence on the 13th, having effected nothing beyond the destruction of some fields of corn and some canoes. Among the Indians who had come in at Fort Cumming was a little white girl, aged 13, who had been with them for about a year. At Tampa there are 207 Indians ready to be shipped for the West.

FROM FLORIDA.—The Charleston Patriot publishes a letter dated St. Augustine, Aug. 23, which states that 25 of Aleck Tustenuggee's warriors had gone into Tampa, and that the whole band was about giving up. Lieut. Anderson had captured six squaws and three children near Valusia.

The steamer William Gaston was to leave on the 24th for Fort Pierce, with horses. A party of fifty mounted men was to leave that post immediately on the arrival of the boat, on an excursion to cooperate with the movements now going on. The gallant Col. Worth seems to be exerting his praiseworthy energies to bring the war to an end.

Despatches have been received at Washington from Col. WORTH, stating officially the operations in the Territory as we have already published them.

FROM TEXAS.—The steamship Savannah from Texas arrived at New-Orleans on the 21st. The papers were filled with electioneering articles. Nothing farther had been heard from the Sante Fé expedition. Messrs. Kinney and Aubrey, who had been arrested and carried to Austin, charged with having procured the capture of Capt. Dewitt by the Mexicans, after being examined, were honorably acquitted. The blame is now laid entirely to the Mexicans, and in the absence of the President, the Secretary of War has issued orders for reprisals, for calling out volunteers, and for assembling such force as may be necessary for the expulsion of the enemy. He says that the war may be regarded as fairly opened by this late outrage of the Mexican forces.

THE ELECTION IN TEXAS.—The election excitement was progressing rapidly in Texas at the last dates. The Houston Telegraph estimates that Burnet will receive 8025 votes —Houston 5385—leaving 2640 majority for Burnet. The Telegraph formerly supported Gen. H. with all its might; but now it says his moral character is so outrageously bad it is compelled to go against him, and in favor of Burnet, who is sober, talented, honest and patriotic.

LAW IN TEXAS.—They have some curious law proceedings in this new Republic. In one of the Counties, it seems that a man named McHenry was elected Judge, after a close contest. One of his opponents was arraigned for murder. His friends assembled to effect his rescue. Judge Hansford left the Bench, when the Jury elected a Foreman, who took the Judge's place and the trial went on. The prisoner was finally acquitted, and forthwith discharged. He immediately, with his friends, arrested Judge McHenry for negro stealing, and had him put in jail at Nachitoches.

☞ Mercer, Pa., has been visited by a violent and destructive hailstorm.

FROM TAMPICO.—The schooner Doric arrived on the 19th from Tampico at New-Orleans, bringing above $50,000 in specie and news to the 16th. The American schooner Tippecanoe, Capt. Tilden, on arriving at the Bar on the 30th of July, was seized by the Custom-House officers and declared to be confiscated, for attempting to smuggle sperm. candles, cotton and other goods. The whole proceeding was hasty and violent. The Captain protested against it, but his arguments were of no avail. The only complaint was, that a portion of the candles lacked the Consular certificate, although they were duly entered on the manifest and clearance. The affair will doubtless undergo a strict investigation.

Business and affairs generally were exceedingly dull at Tampico. There was some talk of an invasion of Texas by Bustamente, who had issued a decree for a loan of $1,500,000 for the purpose of carrying on hostilities. It is stated in the papers that Santa Ana was making vigorous preparations to quell the revolution in Tobasco. The duty of 15 per cent. will probably be reduced by the Mexican Congress.

THE OUTRAGES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—In addition to the account we published recently of the terrible tragedies which have deeply disgraced the citizens of Arkansas and Mississippi, we learn from the St. Louis papers that at the latest dates the citizens were on their way up and down the river, burning the houses and otherwise destroying the property of the miserable victims of their butchery. Their families were ordered to leave their homes for ever. It is stated that the Cashier of the counterfeiting establishment was found in the river at Columbia, dead.

LYNCH LAW AT THE WEST.—The St. Louis New Era mentions several circumstances thought to mitigate the atrocity of the recent outrage upon law and order in Mississippi and Arkansas. It states that every effort had been previously made to bring within the grasp of the law the miserable scoundrels who had so long harassed the dwellers in that section. Many of them had been taken and repeatedly tried, but through perjury and the aid of confederates they had always escaped with impunity. Then it was their usual practice to harass the prosecutor, destroy his property, and render even his life unsafe. To these depredations the citizens had submitted for a long time, but at length organized an armed band of seventy-five, obtained the names of some two hundred of the offenders and proceeded with cool deliberation to put them singly to death, as has been heretofore stated.

Now these circumstances may have had weight in goading on to these most violent proceedings those who took part in them; but no man in his senses can say that they should be allowed for a moment to excuse or gloss over the horrible crimes of these executors of their own rash purposes. No man who does not recognize the principle, not only in words but in the whole course and current of his life, that the LAW is to be *supreme* and its decision to be awaited, except in cases of immediate and necessary self-defence, can be accounted a safe and trust-worthy citizen. This truth lies at the very foundation of all order and of every well-established Government, and every wound it sustains is a deadly stab at the integrity and best interests of that Government which allows it to pass unpunished. The wretched victims may have been thieves, gamblers, and most dangerous men; but the wrong they inflict upon society is slight and of little account when compared with that of their murderers.

SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.—The Nashville Banner contains an account of a remarkable shower which recently occurred in Wilson County, Tenn. It states on the authority of 'various persons' that the fields to a considerable extent were covered with a substance resembling animal matter, blood, fibre, &c. A Mr. Sayle gathered some of it in the town of Lebanon and sent it to Dr. Troost, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Nashville, who is to make it the subject of a Scientific investigation. It seems to be taken for granted that this matter, whatever it be, 'rained down;' but the only witnesses of this fact are some Negroes, whose authority in Scientific matters we should regard with some grains of allowance. We are inclined to believe that the story is mainly indebted for its marvelousness to the anxiety of Tennessee not to be outdone in matters of this sort by Down-East, where squids and felt hats, to say nothing of men, women and children, may be found upon the surface of the ground in great abundance immediately after a shower.

☞ Rev. Peter Parker, M. D., with his Chinese teacher, was expected to arrive at Bangor, Maine, on Wednesday.

YELLOW FEVER.—On the 18th inst. two deaths from yellow fever occurred at New-Orleans, on the 19th four, and at Lafayette, on the same day ten. There were six admissions from yellow fever to the hospital at New-Orleans on the 20th.

PRICES OF PRODUCE IN IOWA CITY.—Flour, per barrel, $5; Corn Meal, 50 cents; Corn, 25c.; Oats, 31c.; Bacon per lb., 10c.; Beef, 4 a 6c.; Chickens, per dozen, $1; Butter, per lb., 12c.; Cheese, 12c.; Eggs, per dozen, 12 cents.

VICTIMS OF THE LOUISIANA.—It has been ascertained that of the soldiers and others on board the Louisiana at the time of the explosion, three are dead, eleven scalded and eighteen missing—total 32.

☞ Mr. B. B. French acknowledges in the Intelligencer the receipt of $459 83 from the various Members of the U. S. House of Representatives for the benefit of Mrs. Cookman, the widow of the Rev. G. Cookman, who perished in the President.

☞ The National Intelligencer states that Thomas W. Halsup, a Cabinet-Maker in Washington, has been committed for trial at the next meeting of the Criminal Court, for having been one of the party who marched with a drum and fife to the house of the President and conducted in a riotous manner on the night of the 16th ult.

EMIGRATION TO ILLINOIS.—Charles Oakley, ex-commissioner for the State of Illinois, writes that he is about to send out from England to that State from 50 to 100,000 emigrants, and that he will soon proceed to Germany to make similar arrangements there.

☞ The wife and daughter of Mr. John Hunk of Howell, N. J., were both drowned while bathing in the river one day last week.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.—The number of emigrants who arrived at the port of Quebec during the week ending August 14th, was 573. Whole number since the 1st of January, 24,187. Excess over last year, 4,680.

SAD AFFAIR.—A lunatic, while splitting wood in the yard of the Lunatic Asylum at Montreal, on Monday, the 23d inst., left his work and with his axe struck off the head of one of his fellows, who was quietly sleeping upon a bench near by. He trundled the head some few feet, and returned to his work, totally unconscious of the terrible deed he had perpetrated!

DARING ESCAPE.—Wm. Harris, a prisoner confined for perjury at the Madison Court-House, Va. made his escape from prison on the 12th ult. During a terrible storm he cut his irons off by means of a case-knife which he converted into a saw, and passing out at an upper window of the cupola, about sixty feet from the ground, descended the lightning-rod on the outside of the building, and made his escape.

LOST CHILD.—Nearly two months since, an interesting boy, eight years old, was lost in the woods on 'Summit Mountain,' eight miles from Mauch Chunk. He was a son of one of the miners, and was remarkable for his intelligence and sprightliness. He went off into the woods near by to gather berries, and since that hour nothing has been seen or heard of the little fellow. The whole country for miles, in every direction, is an untrodden forest; yet, for nearly six weeks, parties were out daily in pursuit of him. It is possible he may have survived some days, and even weeks, upon berries; but search has finally been abandoned. The heart-broken parents are living upon *hope* that their fond child may yet be restored to them. It is feared he was taken off by some wild beast, and most probably he died of fright and starvation.

TOWBOAT EXPLOSION.—The towboat Swan, Capt. Limbert, while coming up the river on Monday evening, having in tow brig Heber and schooner Alexander Washington, burst her starboard boiler, by which accident four persons were killed and a large number wounded.

We subjoin the names of the sufferers as far as ascertained: Wm. Andrews, pilot, killed; Robert Elliott, bar-keeper, killed; Peter Ames, steersman, killed; a fireman, (colored,) of Mobile, killed; Mason Altage, first engineer, slightly scalded; G. Brawdy, second engineer, dangerously scalded; Theodore Barney, passenger, slightly scalded; the steward, (white,) slightly scalded; the cook, (white,) dangerously scalded. [New-Orleans Bee, Aug. 18.

EXTENSIVE BANK ROBBERY.—The Danville Branch of the Farmers' Bank of Virginia was entered on Saturday or Sunday night last by means of false keys, and robbed of *ninety-two thousand one hundred and thirty-five dollars*. Fortunately for the Bank, $72,135 of this large amount were mutilated notes, issued by the branch, stamped on the face 'Canceled,' which it is hoped may aid in the detection of the burglars. A reward of $5,000 is offered for the apprehension and conviction of the robber or robbers and the recovery of the money, or in proportion to the amount recovered.

[National Intelligencer.

NEW-YORK.

ARCTURUS, A JOURNAL OF BOOKS AND OPINION, No. x., September, 1841. New York, Benjamin G. Trevett, 121 Fulton street.

Puffer Hopkins, the novel in course of publication in this excellent Monthly, is decidedly improving in interest and in value. The first few chapters, being merely introductory, gave us no clue to the author's aim, nor were they written with as much free, easy eloquence or as great strength as the later numbers. In the present number the absurdities of political life are still farther satirized with pointed and severe effect. The Poems of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymer, are made the subject of a most excellent review—written with great vigorand ability. E. Everett, Miss Sedgewick's Travels, and old Merrythought, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, are the subjects of valuable articles. Talfourd's Defence of Moxon, in the suit brought against him for selling Shelley's Queen Mab is noticed and the extracts presented have given us an ardent longing for a perusal of the whole speech. Several other articles are included, which we have not room to specify. Arcturus maintains its character for the unhackneyed nature of its subjects and the discrimination of its criticism. We look for its monthly appearance with far more anxiety than for that of any of its older and more widely known cotemporaries.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK: Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, and Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Sept. 1841. Vol. XXII. Israel Post, 88 Bowery.

This is certainly a splendid number of this most popular Magazine. The embellishments are in the very finest style of the art and it is a matter of no little surprise that the support given to any Monthly in the country should be sufficient to warrant so heavy expenses as the preparation of these engravings must necessarily involve. In the present number are two splendid steel-plates from the well-known burin of Dick, one a spirited representation of Shakspeare's trial for deer-stealing before Sir Thomas Lucy, taken from a most excellent painting by Harvey, selected by the Apollo Society of Edinburgh to be engraved for their Association; the other is a beautiful picture entitled The Rose of the Boudoir. Beside these, two pages of Music and a Plate of the Fashions in a beautiful embossed Rose—something new in the line of embellishments. The literary contents of the work are by some of the best writers of the day. Miss Edgeworth, who, by the way, has never before written for any American periodical, Simms, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellet, Herbert, &c. are among the contributors.

ASTRONOMY FOR SCHOOLS; By R. W. HASKINS, A. M. New-York: Robinson & Pratt, 63 Wall-st.

This is a work designed especially for the use of our primary schools and academies, and it appears to us admirably adapted for this purpose. Arago's Lectures at the Royal Observatory at Paris are adopted as the basis of the treatise, which is believed by the author to embrace all the leading principles of the science, and is yet unincumbered by the abstruse mathematical demonstrations which have shut out previous works upon the same subject from the schools for which this is especially designed. Every one must see at once that no thorough or satisfactory knowledge of Astronomy can be acquired without a previous acquaintance with the principles and details of mathematical science; still many of the most prominent facts connected with this great and most interesting branch of study may be treasured up, and to some extent made useful, with no more knowledge of mathematics than is embraced in common arithmetic; and it is most desirable that to this extent at least Astronomy should be pursued in our common schools. We have seen no work so well calculated to render this service to the cause of popular education as this of Mr. Haskins; and while it will not interfere at all with the more elaborate treatise of Sir John Herschell, its adoption will be of decided advantage to the primary schools throughout the land.

ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY, for the use of Schools and Academies. By Prof. Wm. M. Mather, Geologist. Fourth Edition. Clement & Packard.

This is the title of a small manual containing the simplest elements of Geological Science. It is peculiarly adapted to the purpose of Education, for which it is designed. Mr. Josiah Holbrook, well known for his zeal in every enterprise for the promotion of Science and Morality, says of this work, in a letter addressed to the Publishers, that 'it is excellent not only for an introduction to the Science of Geology, but also for reading-lessons in Schools. I am glad to see the fourth Edition, and hope and believe it will be generally used, both in Schools and families.'

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW. September, 1841. Vol. V. No. 3.

'Agricultural Commerce of the United States' is the subject of the leading article in this number of Hunt's Magazine. It is elaborate, interesting, and the subject one of the first importance. It is followed by a paper on the Commerce of British India, viewed in its probable influence on the Products of the Southern States, by a South Carolinian; a translation from the German of a Sketch of Montaussier; an article upon Commercial Docks; one upon the Laws relative to Debtor and Creditor in Missouri, and a brief paper on the character and operations of the Suffolk Bank System. The Mercantile Law Department, the Book Trade, the Commercial Statistics and Mercantile Miscellanies are all well filled. The Magazine has never been more deserving a good support than at present.

SKETCH OF A RAILWAY JUDICIOUSLY CONSTRUCTED BETWEEN DESIRABLE POINTS. Egbert Hedge, 120 Nassau street.

This is the title of a thin octavo volume which has evidently been prepared with great care, and embodies a vast amount of useful information concerning the construction of railways. The road selected as the model for description is that between Philadelphia and Pottsville—and its construction, cost, &c., &c., with the great benefits it will confer upon the iron and coal trade of Pennsylvania, are spread forth with most remarkable attention to details and correctness. In course of the work, other railroads throughout the country are described. We cordially commend the book to general notice, as calculated to be eminently useful to all interested in the subject of which it treats.

TOWN'S ANALYSIS OF THE DERIVATION OF WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. 21st Edition. Clement & Packard, 180 Pearl st.

This is a new Edition of one of the best works of its kind that has ever been published: the extraordinary success with which it has already met is sufficient proof of its merits. Each part of a compound word is separately defined, and the scholar is thus led to a clear knowledge of the terms employed. The Regents of the University of New-York, in their Report to the Legislature in 1837, gave the work their decided approval, and we believe it has been introduced into most of the Schools throughout the State.

THE LOWELL OFFERING. Sept., 1841. Vol. I, No. 7.

This excellent Monthly is continued with its usual ability, and affords most conclusive evidence of the zeal and high mental endowments of the Lowell ladies who conduct it. With the exception of a single article the present number is composed wholly of papers written by the operatives in the factory. This single publication tells to other lands more of our national character and speaks more loudly and clearly in behalf of Humanity than volumes of essays could do.

PLAIN SERMONS, By the Contributors to the "Tracts for the Times." In two volumes. J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street.

We received these two octavo volumes just as our paper was going to press—we have therefore time only to say of them, that they are approved and warmly recommended by the Rt. Rev. Bishop ONDERDONK, and that they are intended rather to enforce the great doctrines of the christian religion than excite controversy concerning the points which divide different denominations from each other. They are published in a very neat style by the Messrs. Langleys.

THE DEER-SLAYER; OR, THE FIRST WAR-PATH. By the author of 'The Last of the Mohicans.' 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard. New York.

A new novel by Mr. Cooper was wont to be an inviting and satisfying feast: it is not sure to be so now. But the 'Deer-Slayer' is our old friend 'Leatherstocking,' 'Hawkeye,' 'Pathfinder,' & Co. in a new dress, and &c is always interesting. We shall speak farther of this work, if the public shall not have read it before we can find an opportunity.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF INFIDELITY; including a Notice of the Author's Unbelief, and the Means of his Rescue. By Rev. DAVID NELSON. John S. Taylor & Co.

This is not a new book, but it is a very good one. It is earnest, familiar, forcible, at times a little harsh-judging, but in the main right-hearted and convincing. We know hardly an antidote to Infidelity of equal merit.

THE LADIES' COMPANION. September, 1841. New-York. William W. Snowden, 109 Fulton-st.

A capital engraving, entitled 'The Rivals' graces this number of the Companion, which is well filled with agreeable light reading by some of the most popular writers of the day. An interesting tale is commenced by Mrs. Ellet, entitled 'Sebastian Bach and his Family,' and Rufus Dawes, Prof. Ingraham, Mrs. Sigourney, &c. &c. are among the contributors to its pages.

THE AMERICAN ECLECTIC. Vol. II, No. V. September, 1841. 36 Park Row.

The current number of this Magazine contains a great variety of excellent articles. We have only room to specify that upon German Periodicals, from the German of Wolfgang Menzel, a sketch of Guizot by the junior Editor, Mr. Treat, and that upon Whewell's History and Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, as the chief attractions of the number. The 'Review of Reviews' is full and well digested, and the Bibliographical Notices are interesting and instructive. Although not so perfect as to be susceptible of no farther improvement, the Eclectic supplies what has been a great deficiency in our periodical Literature.

FACTS IN MESMERISM, (Animal Magnetism,) with Reasons for a dispassionate Inquiry into it; By Rev. CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND, A. M., late of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 1 vol. 12mo. Harper & Brothers.

The believers in Animal Magnetism will hail the appearance of this work, as triumphantly vindicating the credibility of their most marvelous assertions; while all will find in it matter to wonder at, and much that they will not probably be able very readily to account for or explain. We recommend the volume to all, whether initiated or uninitiated, as being exceedingly curious in itself, and decidedly the best that has appeared on this subject. Seventy-five cents could not be better laid out than in the purchase of it.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR. Vol. VI. Carey & Hart.

We rejoice that this story has at length been brought to a close. It possesses considerable interest, but is characterized by the most base-spirited servility to Aristocracy, and amazing Religious intolerance. It seems almost incredible that such a work could be written and *popular* in the Nineteenth Century. The style is mawkish and the machinery of the clumsiest kind; and the author seems perpetually saying—"Now, ladies and gentleman! I am extremely pathetic here—please cry!" It is on the whole a most pernicious and anti-republican work.

ANTI POPERY; or Popery Unreasonable, Unscriptural and Novel: By JOHN ROGERS. C. K. Moore, 142 Nassau-street.

This is the production of a strong and earnest mind, but we do not think it well calculated to convince those of adverse faith, on the contrary, we consider it more likely to exasperate them. To those who like to wield the battle-axe against the Roman Catholics, this work will be found a convenient manual of the various objections to that Church drawn from Scripture and Reason, and hitherto urged against her. There are, moreover, some features which to us are novel, and will doubtless extend its circulation.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA: Translated from the French of BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE, by Helen Maria Williams. Pp. 96. Edward Walker.

We need say nothing to any but very young readers of the character or interest of this celebrated story, which has been stamped with the approval of Nations and of Time. The edition of Mr. Walker is exceedingly neat and appropriate.

THE FRENCH COMPANION: consisting of Familiar Conversations, useful to those learning the French Language; By M. DE ROUILLON. New-York: W. E. Dean, 2 Ann-st.

This is the second edition of a work well known as among the best manuals for the acquisition of the French tongue. All the phrases in familiar use are here collected, and with no farther knowledge of the language than may be here acquired, one would have little difficulty in conducting any ordinary conversation.

THE VICTIM OF CHANCERY: OR, A DEBTOR'S EXPERIENCE: By the Author of 'A Week in Wall-st.' S. Coleman, 14 John-st.

This is a tale of truth, as many a sore heart can bear testimony. Its aim is the correction of abuses which exist in the legal machinery for the collection of debts. We wish the writer a wide audience and a candid hearing, not doubting that he will command conviction.

HAPPINESS; its Nature and Sources described, and Mistakes concerning it corrected. By J. A. JAMES. Pp. 125. D. Appleton & Co.

This volume discusses a subject which, however interesting to all, is yet very imperfectly understood. The name of Mr. James assures us that it is discussed ably and profitably.

THE POPLAR GROVE; or Little Harry and his Uncle Benjamin: A Tale for Youth. By ESTHER COPLEY.

This is an instructive and entertaining little volume designed to lead the Young in the way of virtue and happiness. It is very neatly published by Appleton & Co.

☞ "The Young People's Book," No. 1 for September, just issued by Israel Post, is an elegant cheap magazine. Its embellishments are excellent—the opening plate superb. Among the contributors are Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Reynel Coates, Dr. J. K. Mitchell, and others known to the reading public.

Way-Side Notes .... No. 3.

LIMA, Liv. Co. Aug. 27, 1841.

"My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor"
Rob Roy.

Though standing as he did upon my native soil and looking upon the fields, hills, woods and brooks, whose bright images sunk earliest and with deepest impress into my heart, I feel the stir of none of those throbbing, tumultuous passions which heaved the breast of the Highland Chief in that splendid passage of the great Scottish Novelist when he first learns the summary injustice inflicted by his clan upon the 'collector loon' who was to remain a 'hostage for his ain safe back-coming.' I see nothing to incline me, like him, to 'forswear kin, clan, country, wife and bairns;'—and, verily, if I did I should find it somewhat difficult to renounce the two last-named commodities, having even to this late period of my life—thanks to ill-looks, I suppose—remained in that state facetiously denominated single blessedness.—Rob was evidently mad, and so he might well be; for his Helen had proved the truth of his words and shown that she was verily 'an incarnate devil when her bluid 's up—though, puir thing, she had ower muckle reason.' On the other hand, the only feeling of which I am conscious, is one of sad and solemn regret, that these images of beauty, these remembrances of a happy past, these shadowy garments of glorious innocence which childhood throws around the soul, must be rudely torn away in the struggle and storm of life, or fade into unreal dreams, through the lapse of swift-coming and swift-departing years. How could I now bless and, with earnest beseechings, pray for the return of those hours when life folded its wings gently and in peace about my heart, and the spirit of Love, pure and holy, dwelt like a living flame in the soul's most secret shrine.—But they gleam afar off with their steady shine, and their light grows ever more dim as we advance into the world's thick, dark forests, where passion, pride, and all unholiness howl like hungry wolves for the wandering soul. Ere the first great line be reached, their lustre is gone, and the eye cannot turn too soon to the star that shines from Heaven with untrembling light and guides to holiness and eternal glory.

My last letter to you was dated from Lake Ontario; but the scenery and character of Vermont engrossed so large a share of it, that I must 'begin back,' and recount my journeyings from Burlington hither. To Plattsburgh the distance is but thirty miles. Every American of course, and I doubt not, many Englishmen too, know well the events which have made this place famous in the story of our wars.—Commodore Downie, the commander of the British fleet, who fell in that severe engagement, rests beneath a plain, low monument, in a beautiful burying-ground just out of the village, and not far from his grave rests the body once tenanted by a far different spirit. Lucretia Maria Davidson, the 'child-angel,' gifted as but few of earth have ever been, sleeps in a quiet nook of this country church-yard. Upon her grave grow a few flowers planted by the hand of some affectionate friend, and upon the head-stone are inscribed these beautiful lines from BRYANT's autumn Dirge:

> In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
> And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
> Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
> So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the flowers.

The village of Plattsburgh is beautifully situated on the very border of the Lake: the streets, however, are but poorly cared for, the grounds are sadly neglected, many of the buildings are old and poor, and the general appearance of the place is far from being pleasant. There are many situations, however, of surpassing elegance and beauty. The United States' barracks, though not yet complete, are extensive and well worth a visit from a strolling traveler. The society and general character of Plattsburgh are seriously injured by the great numbers of destitute, dishonest, degraded French Canadians, who come in crowds from what used to be called the Lower Province, and still more, in my opinion, by the presence of officers and soldiers of the United States Army. If the remark be just that 'a standing army is a standing curse to national prosperity, with still greater truth may it be said that the stationing of any portion of the public troops in any village is seriously injurious to its morals and general character. The most that the officers do for a place is to introduce more gay and genteel dissipations, a lighter and less earnest tone into society, while not unfrequently open profligacy and shameless vice are the unrebuked attendants upon their steps. The common soldiers serve to render the situations of the officers of justice any thing but sinecures, and on the whole I know of few visitations more to be deprecated by a country village than that of any portion of our national Army.

From Plattsburgh to Ogdensburgh a distance of some 120 miles the transit is made wholly by stage. We took our seats at that most uncomfortable hour, for journeying at least, 2 o'clock A. M. For some thirty miles the road is barren enough: few cultivated fields border the way, the soil is rugged and unfruitful, and the whole aspect of the country harsh and forbidding. We were favored with the company of a good lady who, having lived in a more civilized portion of the country, respecting which, moreover, she was not very well informed, retained rather vague but most impressive recollections of the terror with which one had heard, long ago, of the perils encountered by those who attempt to pass the 'Chateaugy woods,' which were some thirty miles long and wholly unsettled. The good woman never thought that these might have been cleared up since the days when she listened to these terrible tales, but was momently expecting a mortal call from some fierce dweller in these barbarous forests. A mischievous, though in the main good natured friend of mine who was our only companion did nothing to allay this apprehension but recounted with special emphasis all the tales of terror his memory suggested, and now and then added somewhat to their effect by most suspicious glances at every clump of trees we passed. In answer to a question which she propounded in a tone of mingled fear and hope, he stated that it was now more than a week since any very *serious* accident had occurred from meeting with wild beasts and that even then the driver and two of the passengers escaped with their lives. The good lady had by this time fairly made up her mind to be devoured by some roaring lion, and censured my friend with no little deserved bitterness for the indifference he displayed in a casual remark he made to me that it would have been far more prudent, in case we should be eaten alive, to have worn our old clothes. But her courage sensibly revived when, prompted by my tenderness of heart (of which this incident was not the first evidence during my journey,) I told her that we had already left all that remained of these formidable woods some miles behind.

The road soon becomes more pleasant and for the remainder of the route is through a fertile, well inhabited and wealthy section. The surface is level—quite as much so as in the Western part of the State, and although the soil is not as rich nor the general evidences of wealth and high cultivation so abundant as in this section, the aspect of the country is far less forbidding than I think is generally believed. There is one great inducement to every one to ride through this section of the State; it is one which I am sure will have weight with men of all creeds in religion and in politics, and of every rank in life:—let all therefore listen while I tell them that the finest, most delicious *trout* they have ever eaten may be found at every stopping place upon the route. If this consideration will not move men—the 'doctrine of motives' is not 'what it's cracked up to be.' Southward of the main road some thirty or forty miles the most beautiful, lakes in all the world spread their fine bosoms to the sky and reflect with hightened glory and a softened grandeur the towering hills that gaze with boldness into their hidden depths and the forest trees that look with more timid glances upon their sleeping waters. Great places these for fishing!—Old Izaak Walton, prince of anglers would have laid aside his gentle sadness and forgotten the kindly cogitations with which he was wont to pursue the piscatory art; he would have moralised less feelingly over the worm he was assisting upon the hook he loved so well, and danced with boyish glee at sight of these glad waters with their hidden wealth. How calmly happy would he sit in that unvisited nook yonder, so gracefully arched and clothed with such rich, unstudied elegance that you would know at once the hand of man had never marred its perfect beauty! How would the low breathing of the summer wind, sending its voice upon the waters and among the solemn woods as if afraid of arousing to life the great, holy solitude that broods over them all have stolen into his heart and filled it with all gentle and loving thoughts! Glorious old Izaak!—I love to read thy pages though I take no great delight in the art of which thou wert so renowned a master; it smacks somewhat of cruelty and what is quite as much to the purpose, it requireth somewhat of patience. But in the matter of *eating* trout, Fantome as I am, I'll contend, for a wager, with any flesh and blood within the bounds of Christendom.

The resting-place for the night upon the road toward Ogdensburgh is at a town—or rather place, for there is no house in sight but the inn at which you stop—named Bangor.—You will find excellent accommodations, and the host, a stalwart man, will give you some rare account of men and things, especially the latter, in this secluded region. His partner, too, if you will but note her bearing and her speech, will give you, my word for it, a better idea of Elia's 'gentle giantess' than you ever had before. The pleasantest village upon the route is Potsdam, by far the finest town in St. Lawrence County. The Racket river, which rises far to the South among the hills and lakes not half a mile from the spot whence flows the mighty Hudson, is here spread out into a little lake and filled with green and pleasant islands. The village, situated upon a level plain, commands no very splendid view; but it is a quiet, secluded and right pleasant country village, by no means deficient in enterprise, or in what is more essential to the good character of any town, kind, intelligent, and high-minded inhabitants.—From Ogdensburgh to Oswego I journeyed upon the Telegraph, one of the worst steam packets I have ever seen upon the American waters. It is miserably fitted up, and most untidy and uncomfortable in its accommodations. The scenery upon the St. Lawrence, except the passage through the Thousand Islands, is tame, though in many places extremely beautiful. From Oswego, a right enterprising town, to Rochester, there is nothing worthy of special note: the steamer rides so far from shore that you can see nothing of its beauty.

But I find that, as usual, I am spinning my letter to too great a length. Thus abruptly, therefore, must I close it, remarking merely that so highly do I relish the delights of a rambling journey through the country, that I am inclined to wonder, with old Hobbie Elliot, 'what they can find to do amang a wheen ranks o' stane houses wi' slate on the tap o' them that might live on their ain bonnie green hills.'

FANTOME.

☞ 'THE MUSICAL CABINET' is a very large and elegant monthly work, of which the second number is just out. It is edited by G. J. Webb and T. B. Hayward, Boston, and published in this city by W. K. Vail, 127 Nassau-st.

☞ We have received a copy of the United States Literary Advertiser for August, issued monthly by the Langleys. It is indispensable to booksellers, and will prove of high value to all literary men.

☞ Mrs. Lewer has reprinted Blackwood's and Bentley's Magazines for August. Blackwoods' concludes 'Ten Thousand a Year,' has a tale entitled 'The Announcement and Three Rooms,' and capital articles on 'Algiers,' 'London,' &c. beginning and ending with a Tory essay of no great ability to compensate for their unreasonableness. Bentley's is light, clever, and melodramatic as usual. 'Stanley Thorn' is its best feature.

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, Oct. 11th.—We are informed that there is every promise of a magnificent display in almost every department. The days for receiving articles are the 8th and 9th of October. Some choice Devonshire cattle from Pennsylvania are already engaged a place.—Massachusetts boasts of her fine breeds of animals. Jersey, New-York and Connecticut are ready to contest with her for the prize. Let her send, if no more, one or two of her best animals. Steam power adequate for moving the heaviest machinery is getting in readiness, and notices of many new machines have already came to the Repository.

In some of the branches great improvements have been made within the year. A fine exhibition of fancy woolens is expected, and of American hardware. The whole of the north wing of the Saloon, nearly one hundred feet long, will be fitted up and used exclusively for agricultural and horticultural productions. American tropical fruits and flowers, as well as those of our own climate, will add to the attractions. We hope our horticulturalists will see that nothing from the garden or orchard is wanting. The intellectual entertainments will be of a high order. A Convention of the friends of Home Industry will be held, as well as the Sixth Ploughing Exhibition, during the Fair; the latter in the County of Westchester, at or near Sing Sing. Every one who takes an interest in improvements should so arrange as to devote at least one day to this innocent and useful Anniversary Exhibition. It is an occasion on which all parties and denominations from every section of the country can meet and participate.

☞ Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, is to deliver a series of Discourses on Temperance during the second week of September, at Ringe, Fitzwilliam, Jaffrey and other towns in New-Hampshire.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The Commencement in this institution took place on Wednesday. Among the audience were the Governor, Chief Justice and other Judges, and the principal officers of the Commonwealth. The exercises of the graduating class are highly commended by the Boston papers.

The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on the following gentlemen, viz: Francois Xavier Martin, Chief Justice of Louisiana, Samuel S. Wilde, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, James Savage and Francis C. Gray, Esqrs.; and the degree of D. D. on Rev. Mark Hopkins, President of William's College, Barnas Sears, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton, and Rev. Jas. Thompson, of Barre.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon 44 young gentlemen composing the graduating class.

SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, ETC. IN MICHIGAN.—A document ately published, prepared for the Society of Inquiry in Andover Theological Seminary, informs us that one thousand four hundred and seventy school districts are already organized, and the schools are attended by 45,817 scholars between the ages of 5 and 17. Congress granted every 16th section in every township for a school fund; these lands amount to 1,100,000 acres, and at an average price of $5 per acre, will give a fund of $5,500,000, and an annual income of $385,000.

FIRE AT LOWELL.—The Boston papers state that a fire broke out in Lowell about 11½ o'clock on Friday night, which consumed five entire blocks of wooden buildings, and is said to be the largest fire that city has suffered for many years.—It occurred in a part of the city called 'The Acre.' About fifty poor families were thus in an instant rendered houseless, and a Mrs. Laughlin and her child are supposed to have been buried among the ruins.

FIRE AT ST. JOHNS, N. B.—A destructive fire broke out on the 26th ult. in a ship yard at St. John's, N. B. It was caused by the ignition of some boiling tar and speedily destroyed a large ship, which was to have been launched in a few days, and communicated to the adjacent houses, about *fifty* of which were consumed. The loss of one firm, Messrs. Owen and Duncan the owners of the ship, is estimated at about £10,000. A soldier while engaged in subduing the fire, burst a blood vessel and instantly died and a sailor was smothered in the flames.

REVOLTING CRUELTY.—On the 2d ult. a child was found in the woods near Milan, O. so much exhausted and bitten by insects that it died in a short time. On the 11th a child was missed in Greenwich, twenty-four miles distant. Upon a strict examination it was proved that the one found was the one lost, and its mother, Mary Godfrey, with its supposed father, Jonathan Cole, have been committed to jail for trial for the inhuman murder. The wretched woman in Court, after some hesitation, recognised the child.

MURDER.—The ship Constantine arrived at Boston on Tuesday, with one of her crew Benj. F. White in irons, for the murder of 1st officer Jacob Heiper, in May last, a few hours after leaving the Balize for Liverpool. The deceased told White to go forward to his duty, when he was immediately stabbed by a large knife which pierced his heart.

☞ The notorious Locke, of the Farm School, Boston, has been arrested by Constable Adams and placed in the Leverett-street Jail, and was to have been arraigned yesterday, on a charge of having practised cruelties on the boys committed to his charge.

☞ Rev. John N. Maffit is expected to preach at a Camp Meeting to-day at Kingston, N. H.

New-York Markets.

ASHES.—Since our last report the demand has been fair at $5 75 for both descriptions; but the supplies within a day or two having been larger, the market does not exhibit much activity.

COFFEE.—We have a change to notice in this article. Sales Brazil at 10½ a 11c; Java 11½; Sumatra 11½; Laguyra at 11 a 11½; St. Domingo 9½c.

COTTON.—The Cotton market since our last has remained in a very quiet state, and we have no further change to notice. Sales Upland and Florida at 7½ a 10½; Mobile 8½ a 11½; New-Orleans 8 a 11½.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—There continues to be an active demand for all descriptions without change in prices.

FISH.—There are no good Dry Cod in market. Poor sells at $2.—There have been no sales of Mackerel, and none remain afloat unsold. Smoked Salmon sells at 14 a 15. Smoked Herrings at 53 a 62½ for scaled, 30 a 31½ for No. 1, and 20c for No. 2.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Since our last holders of Genesee and Ohio have submitted to a decline of about 12½c per bbl. The receipts have been very considerable, and the amount afloat and on the wharves is about 15,000 bbls. The demand is but moderate. We quote Genesee $6 62½ a $6 75; Ohio 6 50 a 6 62½; Michigan 6 50 a 6 56. The stock of Southern is very light. New Georgetown and Howard-street are held at 6 75 a 6 87½; Brandywine 6 75 a $7. Corn Meal and Rye Flour are more abundant, and sales are less easily effected.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Corn since our last have not been large, and the demand is good. Sales have been made at 79 a 80c for Jersey and 81½ for Northern, all measure and delivered. For Southern 76c is offered and refused. Northern Rye is scarce and wanted.—Large sales have been made at 75 a 76c, and a parcel is said to have brought 77c. Oats, though not abundant, are dull, and we quote for new Northern 47 a 48, and for old 49 a 50c. There have been no transactions in Wheat.

LEATHER.—The stock is light, and the market firm at previous prices, with a tendency to advance.

OILS.—A sale of Whale Oil has been made at 34½, cash, which is ½c advance; Linseed is very firm and considerable sales have been made at 81 a 85c, cash. Sales Crude Sperm at 93 a 95c; Fall Sperm 95c for bleached, and 90c for natural.

PROVISIONS—Beef and Pork continue in limited request, without change in prices. For Lard there is a fair inquiry at 6½ a 7c; Hams bring 5½ a 6c; Cheese arrives slowly with good demand for shipping at 5½ a 6½c, which is an advance; Butter remains without variation.

SEEDS—Clover has a downward tendency, and there are no buyers at former rates. We quote Clover 8½ a 9½; Timothy 20 and 22c; Flax Seed 10 a 10 25.

SUGAR—The sales have been light without change in rates. Porto Rico 7 a 7½; New Orleans 7½; St. Croix 8½ a 9; brown Havana 7½ a 8, white 9½ a 10½.

TOBACCO—There is rather more inquiry for some descriptions of Kentucky.—The market, however, is quiet and the sales unimportant.

WHISKY—The continued high prices of grain have induced some firmness on the part of holders, and drudge casks are now held at 24c small sales. Good common bbls. sell at 23 a 24c; State Prison 25c.

New-York Cattle Market.

MONDAY, August 30, 1841.

At Market 1100 head of Beef Cattle, including 187 left over last week; 267 were from the South and the balance from this State, 30 milch Cows and 3000 Sheep and Lambs.

The Beef Market continues dull, and prices still lower. Sales of 1000 Head at $4,50 to $7, averaging $5,87½ the 100 lbs.

Milch Cows.—Sales of 20 at $20,00 to $35,00 each.

Sheep and Lambs were mostly taken, Sheep at $1,25 to $4; Lambs at $1,00 to $2.75 each.

Hay—Sales at 81 cents to $1 the 100 lbs—moderate supplies.

Married:

In this city, August 26, Samuel N. Lecomte to Ann Eliza Robbins, daughter of the late Richard Robbins.

In this city, August 25, Seaman J. Morgan to Louisa Rankin, both of Albany.

In this city, August 26, Charles E. Freeman to Mary de Mitt.

At Rome, Oneida county, N. Y., August 23, the Rev. Wm. Carey Crane to Jane Louise Wright, daughter of William Wright, Esq.

At Hartford, August 25, R. H. Dana, Jr., to Sarah, daughter of the late William Watson, Esq.

At St. Albans, Vt., August 15, Warren H. Marsh, of Brattleboro', to Ann Augusta Burgess, of the former place.

At Le Roy, August 25, Alfred F. Barstow, Esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of Joshua Lathrop, Esq.

At Portland, Me., Albert Hopkins, to Louisa S. Payson, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Payson.

In Elmira, August 19, the Hon. W. H. Wisner, of Elmira, to Adaline, daughter of Col. B. Tubbs, of Homer, Cortland Co., N. Y.

At Philadelphia, Aug. 25, James Ash, jr., to Mary Sophia, daughter of James S. Duval, Esq., all of Germantown.

At Nashville, Tenn. July 30, by Rev. J Thomas Wheat, rector of Christ Church, Franklin Gorin, Esq. of the Kentucky bar, to Mrs. Frances C. Boardman, of England.

At Warehouse Point, Ct. August 16, Rev. Flavel Bascomb of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Elizabeth B. Sparhawk.

At Boston, August 26, by Rev. Mr. Hague, Philip M Schuyler, Esq. of Boonville, N. Y. to Mrs. Salome C. Pearson, of Haverhill, Mass.

Died:

In this city, August 31, Moses Lyon, aged 39.
In this city, August 31, Maria Bourne, aged 35.
In this city, August 31, George, son of Robert Harrison, aged 20.
In this city, August 31, Charles McEvers, aged 78.
In this city, August 30, Rose McFarland, aged 19.
In this city, August 30, Joseph Marschall, aged 39.
In this city, August 29, Eliza Stout, wife of James Stout.
In this city, August 31, Rev. Samuel G. Winchester, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Natchez, Miss., aged 36.
In this city, August 31, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Henry D. Sneckner, aged 66.
In this city, August 30, Rosanna Devlin, aged 76 years.
In this city, August 30, in the 4th year of her age, Anna Margaret, youngest daughter of Joseph W. and Rachel Ann Kellogg.
In this city, August 28, Alexander Bremner, only and infant son of Alexander Maxwell, aged 3 months and 18 days.
In this city, August 29, John A. Graham, LL D., in his 78th year.
In this city, August 28, Mrs. Catharine Jones, aged 76.
In this city, August 28, Samuel Samon, aged 53.
In this city, August 30, Frances Morton, aged 27, wife of Homer Morgan, and youngest daughter of the late Thomas C. Morton, Esq.
In this city, August 29, Mary F., only daughter of T. P. and M. C Teale, aged 6 months and 2 days.
In this city, August 29, at 12 o'clock M., after an illness of more than nine years, Anthony Butler, aged 19 years, 9 months and 25 days.
In this city, August 28, Margaret Jane, youngest daughter of the late Cyrus M. Stebbins, aged 11 years, 6 months and 28 days.
In this city, August 27, John McGregor, aged 60.
In this city, August 27, Thaddeus Flinn, aged 84.
In this city, August 27, James Whaley, aged 39.
In this city, August 27, James West, aged 61 years and 5 days.
In Jersey City, August 27, Frances Ann, wife of John K. Goodman, aged 38.
At Brooklyn, August 31, Brant Schuyler, aged 2 years, youngest son of James R. and Sarah E. Waldron.
At Madison, N. J, August 31, Eugenia A. Helie, wife of Mr. S. N. Helie, in the 24th years of her age.
At Hyde Park, August 24, Lewis Mann, aged 46.
At Kentmere, on the Brandywine, D. L. Joshua Gilpin, aged 76.
At East St. Albans, Me., Mrs. Abigail Douglass, widow of the late Ebenezer Douglass of New London, Ct. aged 90.
At New-Orleans, August 17, Joshua Town, of Salem, Mass., aged 23, chief officer of ship Talbot.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

PROSPECTUS.

The Publishers of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, encouraged by the generous patronage and hearty approval which has been extended to their Daily paper since its establishment, and which has already rendered it the *second* in point of circulation in the city, propose to publish, on and after the 18th day of September, a WEEKLY edition, on a sheet of mammoth size, excluding all matter of local or transitory interest, and calculated mainly for Country circulation.

THE TRIBUNE—whether in its Daily or Weekly edition—will be what its name imports—an unflinching supporter of the People's Rights and Interests, in stern hostility to the errors of superficial theorists, the influences of unjust or impolitic legislation, and the schemes and sophistries of self-seeking demagogues. It will strenuously advocate the PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY against the grasping and to us blighting policy of European Governments, and the unequal competition which they force upon us, as also against the present depressing system of State Prison Labor; it will advocate the restoration of a sound and uniform NATIONAL CURRENCY; and urge a discreet but determined prosecution of Internal Improvement. The Retrenchment, wherever practicable, of Government Expenditures and of Executive Patronage, will be zealously urged. In short, this paper will faithfully maintain and earnestly advocate the Principles and Measures which the People approved in devolving on Whig Statesmen the conduct of their Government.

But a small portion, however, of its columns will be devoted to purely Political discussions. The proceedings of Congress will be carefully recorded; the Foreign and Domestic Intelligence early and lucidly presented; and whatever shall appear calculated to promote Morality, maintain Social Order, extend the blessings of Education, or in any way subserve the great cause of Human Progress to ultimate Virtue, Liberty and Happiness, will find a place in our columns.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be published every Saturday morning in Quarto form on a very large imperial sheet, (31 by 42 inches,) and afforded to Subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year. Six copies will be forwarded a year for Ten Dollars, Ten copies for Fifteen Dollars, and any larger number in the latter proportion. Payment in advance will be invariably required, and the paper stopped whenever the term of such payment expires. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

GREELEY & McELRATH, 30 Ann-st.

New-York, August 17, 1841.

*** Editors of Weekly Journals who desire an exchange with the Tribune are requested to give this Prospectus an insertion in their columns.

This Day Published,

☞ **The Westminster Review**, No. 70, for July, 1841.

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2. Russian Literary Biography, &c.
3. Administration of Justice: Local Courts.
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6. Legends.
7. The Physical Force Era in France.
8. The Dissolution: with a Tabular View of the three last General Elections.
9. Critical and Miscellaneous Notices.

JEMIMA M. MASON, Publisher,
a4 Y1t* Basement No. 2 Pine-street, corner of Broadway.

EDUCATION.

MR. EWING, from Edinburgh, Author of the most popular School Books in Britain, most respectfully intimates that he teaches Elocution, Composition, Astronomy, Arithmetic, &c., in Boarding Schools, Academies, and private families.

Mr. Ewing has the honor of making reference to
The Right Rev. B. T. Onderdonk, D. D.
Rev. Dr. Wainwright.
Rev. Dr. Hawks.
Rev. Dr. Eastburn.

313 Bleecker-street, New-York. a4 Y2t*

TEETH! TEETH!

WM. E. GRANDIN, Dentist, removed to 648 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond-streets. He will insert whole sets of Teeth, elegantly mounted on gold plate, and most accurately fitted to the mouth, upon the pure principle of suction or atmospheric pressure.

He will cure the toothache without extracting, and without giving increase of pain, and in 24 hourse after the remedy is applied he will plug the Teeth so perfectly as to preserve them for many years. He will also remove the extreme sensibility from tender Teeth, and plug them in the most perfect manner, without the least pain.

He will separate and fill the Teeth of young persons without the use of the file, and without removing any portion of the enamel, and the Teeth have every appearance of being perfect.

He will insert Teeth upon the roots, cleanse, polish and plug the natural Teeth, attend to the irregularities of the Teeth, and to all the diseases of the mouth; extract with the least possible pain useless and diseased roots, none of which shall be surpassed in delicacy or skill. *In at all hours.*

N. B. None but the most superior Porcelain Incorruptible Teeth used. je24-3tTeod4mY

TEETH!

WM. E. GRANDIN, Dentist,

REMOVED to 648 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond-streets, would advise all those who have the most desperate cases of the mouth to call at No. 648, where he will warrant them successful and satisfactory operations. He inserts Teeth in every variety of manner and upon the best approved principles, and would at all times prefer cases of the most difficult character, in which he will pledge himself to give entire satisfaction.

He will perform all operations upon the mouth and ensure universal success. je21-3tTeod4mY

BOARDING IN NEW-YORK.

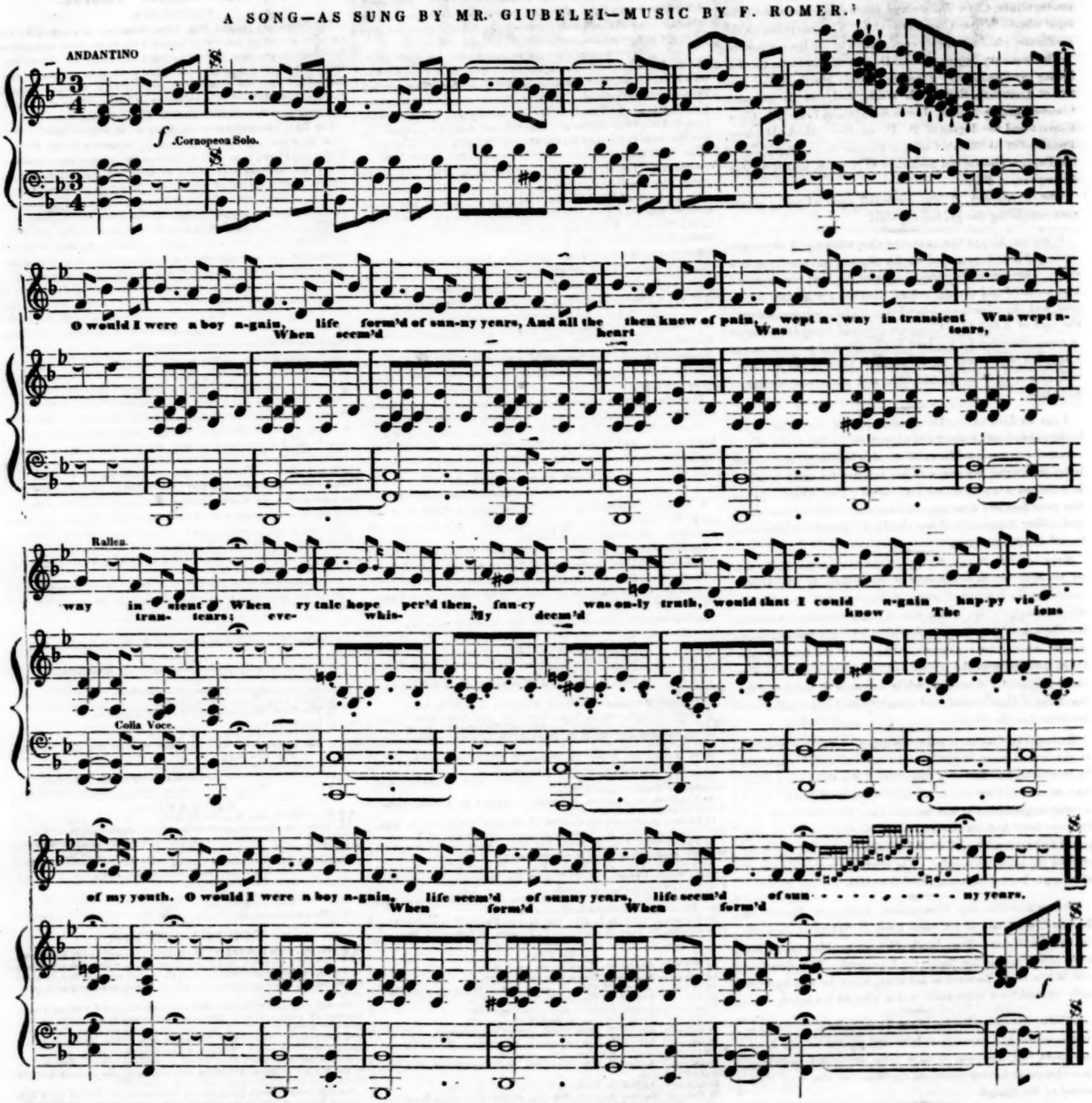
GENTLEMEN visiting New-York will find a quiet and pleasant home at the GRAHAM HOUSE, No. 63 Barclay street, where ample accommodations are at all times reserved for transient Boarders, and afforded at moderate prices, by the day or week. No fumes of Tobacco or Alcohol will be found to taint the atmosphere. N. B. A few permanent Boarders will be taken. ROSWELL GOSS.

New-York, April 17th, 1841. tf

COMPOSITION ROLLERS, of the best materials and quality, and of all sizes, cast at the Office of the New World, 30 Ann-st. Inquire of Mr. J. W. RICHARDS, in the Press Room (basement.) au21 tf

O WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

A SONG—AS SUNG BY MR. GIUBELEI—MUSIC BY F. ROMER.



2.—'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown
How false these fairy visions were,
Or murmur that mine eyes have known
The burthen of a fleeting tear;

But still the heart will fondly cling
To hopes no longer prized as truth,
And Mem'ry still delights to bring
The happy visions of my youth.

O would I were a boy again,
When life seem'd form'd of sunny years,
When life seem'd form'd of sunny years.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE MOTHER SUMMONED.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The feast of life is sweet—
I am no weary guest—
Loving friends my presence greet,
And all that charms the eye or ear
Taste to please, or heart to cheer,
Earth, sky and ocean gather here—
God's care be blest'd!

"'Tis scarce the hour of prime,
Yet how the sands of time
Steal fast away!
'Till the cool evening falls
With lamplight on the walls—
I fain would stay.

"Yet if that be too late,
Oh Thou! who mark'st our date,
'Till twilight's ray,
I'd love to linger here,
Guiding my children dear
Their pilgrim way,
Watching their minds unfold
Rich with unrusting gold
Of knowledge stor'd,
'Till each his manly seat
Shall take in concert sweet,
Around life's board."

The Master call'd. The Mother heard.
"*Come hither!*"—was the solemn word.
Bright shone the noon-day sun,
The undrained cup still glow'd with sparkling zest,
She clasped her pure hand o'er her breast—
"*Thy will be done!*"

In the fresh summer of her years,
She kissed away her nursling's tears,
And laid him, lull'd to quiet rest,
Upon her blooming daughter's breast.

Pain prob'd her nerves with torture's pang,
The fibrous heart-strings rent and rang,
Yet peace, that of her soul was part,
Looked through her eye, and foiled the dart.
That rankled there,
And Faith the Savior's image drew,
Wiping away the deathful dew,
With words of prayer.

On a high arm, and strong,
The soul its burdens cast,
While soaring, soaring high,
The weakness of mortality,
Fell like a dried leaf on the blast;
And with a conqueror's song,
Heaven's gate she passed.